CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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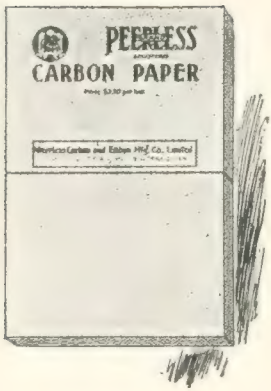

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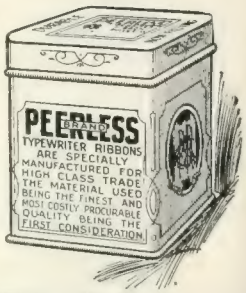

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ON AN OLD FRENCH AIR

BY ANDREW LANG

There is an air for which I would disown
  Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies—
A sweet, sad air, that languishes and sighs,
  And keeps its secret charm for me alone.

Whene'er I hear that music vague and old,
  Two hundred years are mist that rolls away;
The Thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold,
  A green land golden in the dying day.

An old red castle, strong with stony towers,
  The windows gay with many-colored glass;
Wide plains, and rivers flowing among flowers,
  That bathe the castle basement as they pass.

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[illegible] MR. SEAGER WHEELER SHOWS HIS 1911 CROP TO THE [illegible] 75 BUSHELS PER ACRE

CANADA MONTHLY

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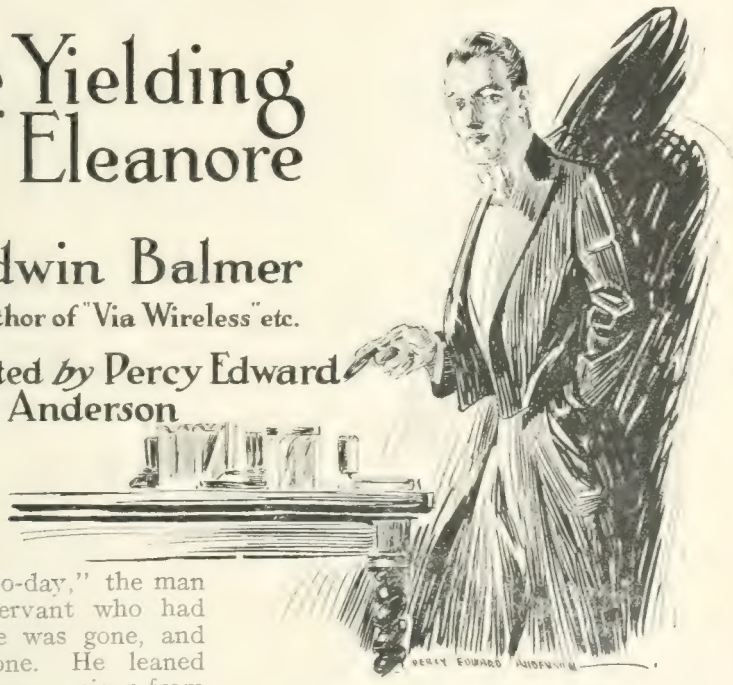
The Yielding of Eleanore

by Edwin Balmer

Author of "Via Wireless" etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



"I SAW Wardlow to-day," the man began. The servant who had lighted the fire was gone, and they were alone. He leaned over and carefully chose a cigar from the jar upon the table. He had left his hat and coat in the hall; but as the rooms had been aired in their absence, and the evenings had begun to be chilly, his wife kept on her cloak, and now she bent to warm herself at the drawing-room fire.

The glow of the fire brought out her face, throwing into charming relief her profile, touching with a high light her mobile, sensitive mouth and determined chin.

"I told him," the husband continued, after watching her a moment, "that we would want the house this fall."

"Charlotte—Mrs. Gardinor asked me to-day to go with them to Spain, Philip," the wife said, speaking quickly, as though she had not attended to what he had said but suddenly had been reminded of this that she had forgotten. "They are to land at Gibraltar and stay two months in Spain, and then go to Nice, where they have arranged for a villa for the winter."

"Yes; she told me. And you said?" the husband questioned. He cut off the tip of his cigar carefully and started to light it; but without touching the match to it, he dropped it into the ash-tray.

His wife, watching him intently, threw back her cloak and bared her shoulders nervously, glancing at the clock. It was not yet one, although they had dined with the others after the theatre before returning to their apartments.

"What do you say, Philip?" she said at length.

"I have said already that I saw

Wardlow to-day and that I told him I wanted the house this fall," the husband returned.

"Yes, I know, Philip," the wife replied. "But you have told him that every fall for a good many years, haven't you?"

"A good many? Yes; seven." He watched, without triumph, his precise enumeration of her "good many" sting her slightly. "Yes," he repeated, "every fall since we were married—not counting the first, now seven! But this time, I think—whether you go there with me now or not—will be the last, Eleanore!"

"You mean, Philip?" She sprang up. "You mean," she suddenly caught his sleeve and held him, "that if I do not go to the house with you now, you——"

"No, Eleanore! No! Not that!" Philip said quickly. "I don't mean that I would ever think of leaving you, or ask you to leave me—more than you do. I just mean, my wife——" He held her before him, searchingly, examiningly. Her hair, which was very heavy and full, had become a little disarranged, and the hour had taken some of the smartness from her dress. Her shoulders drooped a little and her lips relaxed, letting lines, which she could conceal when she was conscious of them, come out. Her husband lifted his hands and with the tips of his fingers traced those lines, tenderly, tactlessly.

"I only meant," he continued then, "that unless you were ready to go to our house to make it our—home together now, Eleanore, very soon it may be too late for us ever to have it as our—home. That is all!"

He felt his wife loosening herself from him, silently, firmly, angrily. She shook off his fingers and drew herself up before him, beautiful, defiant, with her lips white but her throat and cheeks crimson. So he let her go and stood watching while she turned from him and slipped to the further end of the room and seated herself before the low desk where the telephone stood.

"Mrs. Gardinor—Charlotte," her even voice rose, after she had given the inaudible number, "I am so glad I caught you just as you got in. You wanted me to let you know as soon as possible. I have just spoken with Philip and have decided to go. . . . Yes; that's all. Good-night!"

She came back and stood before her husband.

"Then you sail on Saturday?" he asked.

"Yes; the day after to-morrow."

"Very well," Philip said. He looked away from her toward the clock. "I'm sorry, Eleanore," he added then, as though it were merely for having kept her up. "Good-night," he said, and stood back from her way to her room.

His wife, without looking at him, started past, but after reaching the hallway, she turned back suddenly.

"If this is the last time, Philip, and we are not to speak of this matter again, I think I want you to understand my side of it—at least a little better," she said.

"Oh, that's all right," Philip waived discussion.

"Not for me, Philip," his wife replied quietly. "I know I can't prevent your friends with 'homes' of the sort you like—the Wardlows and the rest—from keeping on criticising me and pitying you when you go back to them now to comfort yourself in their houses and with their—children. But maybe I can let you think of me a little differently. I have been a great disappointment—a shock to you since the very first, when you married me to make your home and you found I wasn't ready; for you, yourself, were so ready then and couldn't then see, or since then, that I couldn't be ready!"

"You couldn't be!"

"At the same moment you were—no; for you were not only ten years older than I—and that was ten times the difference then—but besides that you were a man, and had had a man's chance to take life! Why, when you were sixteen at college you were independent—in a way very different, indeed, from my girl's finishing school. And when I was being called back even from that to come home and take care of my little brothers and sisters after

my dear mother died, you were free of even your college restraint, and already going about and having the world! Oh, I hate people who pity themselves, but —but it is true that my life was made up of measles and whooping-cough and fevers all those years while you were living as you pleased and where you liked—in Paris and London and Germany! You have told me yourself how you had everything you wanted those years—everything—while I could scarcely leave the lawn for a few hours without a promise or a bargain with someone. So when you became sick and tired of your life at hotels and clubs and in other men's places, of course you were ready for a home! But I—Philip —oh, when I had been having little but the burden and complaints of a home ever since I was seventeen—*could* I want another at once?"

The husband raised his head quickly. "Did I not appreciate that, Eleanore?" he asked. "Did I not—as soon after our wedding as possible—take you to Europe—to London and Paris and Vienna and wherever you told me you wished to go?"

"But how patiently and tolerantly you did it, Philip!" the wife cried. "Oh, the patient 'how-soon-will-you-be - ready - to - go - home - with - me - Eleanore' way you took me through all those places you had grown so tired of, but I had been waiting all my life to see! And when your business called you home, and you left me, do you remember how you wrote to me—I can never forget it—in each letter, 'when you are tired of your life over there and are ready for our home'; and 'I have sold the old house and have bought a beautiful country place, not too far from the city, and, as you can see from the enclosed plans, I am building upon it the sort of a home which, I hope, will soon please you'."

"I do not remember," Philip put in, as she caught herself up for a moment, "exactly what I may have written there. But if it was that, what was so wrong in it?"

"Oh, nothing, Philip! Nor in the plans enclosed, either. They were quite fitting—particularly the plans of

HER VOICE ROSE A LITTLE. "I HAVE SPOKEN WITH PHILIP, AND HAVE DECIDED TO GO WITH YOU"

the big, south nursery and sewing-room and beside them four or five other light south and west rooms, not for us and not for guests, but—well, rooms clearly to be finished in chintz and big, flowery papers in pink and blue! And then you wrote, when I proposed that you should come over and be with me, 'I had hoped instead, my dear, that you would return here so that I could give

you the home upon our anniversary.' You wanted me to come and take it, sewing-room, nursery and all, upon the first anniversary I married you, thinking you would free me from 'home' for awhile, and after I had just one year of the life of which you had twelve years before you came to want this home.

"And what can a home of the kind you want mean to you, anyway—what do they demand of a man? A little expense and a little worry at times; but you are ready for it and tired of everything else! For at worst, you need never give more than the profits of a few months of your business to it! You need scarcely miss an afternoon riding or on the golf links. Yet you are so ready to take my whole life for the next ten years and portion it out to your home plan! You have taken your own time, before you thought of this home yourself, yet you treat me as though I were unnatural and strange not to be ready to settle in it at precisely the same moment you were; and you throw me on the defensive. You demand my—surrender to you and want to take me like a prisoner and shut me up in it; and you wonder I can't go with you that way!"

She caught convulsively at the table cover as the blood choked hot in her throat. The husband stepped quickly a little nearer, but as he did so, she gathered herself up again; so he stopped at the edge of the table with his hand clenched against it.

"Eleanore," he said; then, patiently, "my dear, I know how hard it is for you—for any woman who is still young and beautiful and full of life like you—to give up everything for—my home. I know how full and complete your life still seems to you; so time after time I have let you go away to take it and have waited. But this time—I can not let you go away again lest it come to you at last, as it has come to me a hundred times these last years—the emptiness of these rooms and all these things; lest you wake up some night and raise your head from the pillow and listen, half awake, for a stirring or a sound of someone's breathing, and you find your hand feeling out for—someone who won't be there; and it will be too late ever to find—anyone there unless—unless you will give up the other things for—them now, and go now and make the house our 'home' with me!"

But Eleanore, as she faced him, went white again to the lips and, as he finished, had raised her arm before her as though to protect her eyes from a blow.

"Philip," she said tersely to him at last. "You put the house in my name. Mr. Wardlow wished to buy it last year. I shall meet with him in your office and make over the papers to him to-morrow morning, or at any other convenient time before I sail."

She turned from him then, and Philip stood back, stunned and silent, till he heard her close the door of her room.

II.

The bright, bronze sun and the clear blue shadows of middle October spotted and stained the road ahead; and, over the yellow, coruscating clouds which the flying motor surprised up from the country road and lured livelily along after it, the copper-colored flashes made a marvellous mesh and medley of the light.

As the car slowed from its short, rapid rush and ran into a clear, sunlit stretch of the road, the man and woman in the front threw themselves far forward and together breathed in the clean, crisp autumn air which tingled their cheeks.

"Um-m-m!" Eleanore exulted in it gloriously. "Again, Philip!" she cried, touching his gloved hand holding the driving wheel. "Again!"

The fuel-feed snapped down, rasping, and the controlling lever shot forward. The engine, gasping just an instant at the catch, coughed back the dust and spurted again triumphantly away from it. The husband and wife straightened, full chested, to the wind as the car flashed under the trees. Overhead the boughs began rustling their leaves, as though trying to deny the fresh crunch and crackle of the brown, fallen leaves and twigs underwheel; but they

"PASTER," SHE CRIED. "YOU SHALL NOT STOP!" SHE CAUGHT HIS HAND, AND THREW HERSELF UPON THE WHEEL, JARRING HIS FOOT FROM THE BRAKE AND SNAPING THE CONETROL FORWARD

succeeded only in showering down more.

Philip glanced quickly and incredulously at his wife when she laughed like a girl as the leaves pelted her face. He raised his hand from the driving wheel, and catching at the next which threatened and dashing them gallantly aside, he laughed recklessly with her and let the car sway and lurch deliriously before he steadied it skillfully again.

She let her hand rest unconsciously upon his arm as she settled back, and he, steering with one hand, continued to strike with the other at the leaves and bits of twigs falling about them. He handed them gravely to her when he caught them, and she took them as seriously and stored them in her lap, and then looked up and laughed at him.

Philip laughed back incredulously. Hours before he had stopped trying to understand her, this day, and had become more than content just to enjoy her. For that day, before she should sail from him again, for the first time he could remember, she had chosen — consciously, deliberately chosen—to be with him and have him with her all the day, alone and unreserved.

The day had come to cap the very highest crest in the golden crown of autumn before the first tarnish or touch of winter. The crops, already cut in the fields about, still lay upon the ground in yellowing shocks and sheaves —not ready, yet, for the sheds; the grapes and pumpkins still waited the frost upon their bare vines; and the cattle and horses in the meadows, though they had deserted their shade for the sun weeks before, had still as many weeks left in that brown sunshine before they would begin to long for their shelters.

The reaped acres of brown stubble were beginning to be all spotted and dotted by crows and blackbirds bound for the south, "like big squares of blueberry cake," Eleanore had cried as the motor shot past them. And once, as the car ran very quietly and a clear "honk, honk" called to them suddenly from straight overhead, she had turned her face eagerly up, and, pointing out the wild geese extended in a great V in the sky, and dared Philip to a race.

She cried to him then to run cautiously as they reached a little village, where the country school was letting out for the afternoon; and with the bright blood brought by the race still tingling her cheeks, she called and nodded to the lines of little girls in new shoes and with bright jackets, who stared back, open-mouthed and unreplying, and then hurriedly waved after her when she had passed. Philip pointed out to her the boys in the field beyond, gathering for a game and "choosing sides". She had made him slow down till she could see the little, padded figures struggling eagerly against each other and running down the field as a boot smacked against the ball and the big, brown oval whirled triumphantly up into the sharp autumn air.

Fifty miles, the indicator showed Philip as he glanced down, they had run since she had foraged his lunch for him from a farmhouse, as he had replaced a tire—fifty miles that afternoon, only more unbelievable than the seventy of the morning's run out.

When she was looking ahead again, Philip turned and watched his wife wonderingly. He had felt sure that morning, when she had planned this day with him alone, that she had done it as a sign to him that the issue between them had been closed the night before. But now he wondered could it not mean that she had reconsidered?

He caught himself up swiftly. Five hundred yards ahead the road branched and held before him, at that precise instant, a test and determination for that. If he were wrong, what harm? But if he were right!

The choice in the road showed sharp and sudden. As he neared the turn, therefore, he shut off the power and slowed gradually: and then, as he knew his wife was watching him, he swung the car deliberately to the opposite edge of the road to take the short turn into the narrow fork.

"What are you doing, Philip?" He felt the change in her as she asked the question.

"I am taking the west road."

"It is almost five o'clock. The other is more direct."

"This is very little longer, Eleanore, and——" He did not finish. He had made the turn and straightened his front wheels again. The car moved directly into the rays of the western sun. Eleanore raised her hand and shaded off the glare.

"You have been on this road before, Eleanore?" Philip tried to ask unsignificantly.

"I did not believe you would do this, Philip," she returned quietly.

"Then you know that this is the way to the house?"

"I did not believe that you would do this to-day, Philip," she repeated. "I thought—I believed, after last night, that if I tried very hard to show you to-day, you—you would understand."

"What do you mean, Eleanore?" He neglected his steering.

"Be careful, Philip!" She touched the wheel and steadied the course herself. "I meant that—after I planned this, I believed—I believed even a moment ago, that I could have made you understand, but now—but now——"

"And I believed, Eleanore," he leaned forward and adjusted a valve unnecessarily, "a moment ago that perhaps you meant you could stay now with me. I let Wardlow know that you would sell him the house, but I believed, after the way you seemed to-day, that if I could show you the house as it is this afternoon, you would tell him now that you would not sell it!"

"You thought that, Philip?"

"Yes, Eleanore!"

"Then you will turn back now, please."

"No!" Philip straightened himself in his seat. "There is no place to turn till we pass the house and besides, even if you sell it to-morrow, at least you shall see it to-day!"

He shot the car rapidly forward and up a little incline and clear of the trees.

"There it is, Eleanore!"

"Philip!" she cried, as she saw the house upon the rise of the hill. "You are not going to stop, Philip!"

The car, mounting the little incline from which the lawn ran back, was dashing forward to where the walk met the road, and Philip slowed his engine.

"You are not going to stop!" Eleanore commanded madly.

"I shall slow," he answered tensely, "for the children!"

"The children!"

"Wardlow's, of course." He felt she was incapable of hearing. "Playing there at the edge of the road!"

"Faster! You shall not stop!" She caught his hand, and threw herself upon the wheel, jarring his foot from the brake and snapping the control forward.

"Eleanore!" he cried, sucking in his breath terrifiedly, as she blocked him, helpless for the instant. "The children!"

"The children!" Her eyes flashed forward then, and—she saw them.

They were playing at the edge of the road under the big trees which bounded the way close on both sides. The boys and the little girl nearest had noticed the car and were watching it; but a very little girl, playing with a big dog beyond the rest, had not seen. As the motor sprang forward from the released brake and regained its full speed the big dog pawed suddenly and the child, laughing, ran into the road and stopped directly before the charging car.

Some one, with a shout, sprang for her too late as Philip fumbled, white and helpless, for his brake. But Eleanore's brain responded in time. She hurled herself violently, irresistibly, upon the driving wheel and twisting it about, she swung the car at full speed and crashed it straight into a tree.

The gardener helped Philip up, as Wardlow and the butler bore Eleanore into her house and took her to the first room ready and laid her upon the bed.

III.

"Philip—the children! I can see them this morning? I am so much stronger and quieter and better! You have said so yourself, besides the doctor!"

She was holding one of his hands

between both her own as his other played softly with her dark, heavy hair, and smoothed it back from her forehead. He brought that hand down and held it as though to protect the big, bright, restless eyes from the late morning light which streaked in through the drawn curtains and struck just beyond her pillow. But he knew it was to protect himself, as he answered, from the search of those big, dilated pupils.

"Not yet, Eleanore, dear!" he answered. "It is not best yet."

"Why not, Philip?" She shook his hand from her eyes, but let him lay her back quietly again. "I am almost—almost myself this morning; so can I not see them, even for a minute?"

The husband shook his head, and had to look away.

"Why?" she cried suddenly. "Tell me," she caught him, "is it because the children are not here, Philip?"

"Oh, dearest, no!"

"Then tell me,"—the big eyes, stilled from that alarm, travelled from the ceiling along the wall to the door—"it is not because—— Tell me, Philip; you have been very patient with me, my husband," she tried to press the strong fingers which held hers now, "but I have been very sick and for a long time, and so have not——"

"I know, dearest!"

"So it is not strange when one dreams and imagines things always so—that I am afraid of such strange things!"

"No, my dear, no!" Philip controlled the quivering of his throat.

"Then," the big eyes searched about the room again. She raised her head and listened for an instant to the faint fragments of sound from the rest of the house, and lay back with a reassuring smile. "Then—I knew the children were there, of course, Philip," she continued. "You told me, but besides I could hear them! You tried to make them quiet, but—oh, I tried to tell you, when I heard them, that I didn't want them kept away or even quiet. I thought, if you wouldn't let them come in, at least you could let them make lots of noise, so that I could hear them and know they were there. But you wouldn't!

"Still, I could hear them. And besides—come closer, Philip—do you know where I went," she pinched his cheeks teasingly, as she caught him closer, "that night I was so sick, but I got away from you all for a moment and you never found me till I came back to bed? No? Well, it was all your fault, keeping them so quiet that—that I was afraid they mightn't be there after all! So I went to see! I found them, of course, just where I knew they always were. So I kissed them all very softly and came back to you so happy—so happy! You could see I was happy, couldn't you, Philip?"

"My dear!" The husband stroked her cheek helplessly.

"So I suppose," she argued on with herself, "this now is just like that. But Philip—please don't laugh at me when I ask you——"

"I won't—laugh, Eleanore."

"For since I have been this queer, quiet way," she lifted her hand and touched his cheek again, "this queer-feeling way you and the doctor call better, I have become so—so strange and afraid that the—the children," she turned her face and hid it from him, "that even the children whom I *know* are here in these rooms beside mine, whom you have told me are here and whom I have heard every day and even seen and kissed myself, as I told you, still are not—are not—*mine*—are not ours, Philip, yours and—and mine."

She closed her eyes then and held her head very quiet upon the pillow. The husband bent and pressed his lips against her hand. But she moved suddenly and, touching his cheek, found it wet.

"Oh, forgive me, dear," she startled herself up then. "I wouldn't have told that, if I knew it would hurt you. I thought you might only laugh. I forgot how—how unnatural it must sound. But, Philip, it was only because I have been so very sick and confused and—and can't remember. That was all!"

"My dearest, of course!" He caught

"I HAVE BEEN AFRAID," SHE TURNED HER FACE AND HID IT FROM HIM. "THAT EVEN THE CHILDREN I KNOW ARE HERE STILL ARE NOT — MINE

her again. "You are just confused and —and can't remember!"

"Yes! For this is my own room—mine, isn't it, Philip?"

"Dearest, yes: this is your own—room."

"For yours is right there beside—has always been there with the door open

so I can see you and hear you when you are getting up. And the children have always been there in their rooms on this side between the nursery and the sewing room. Of course!" She explained on when he did not answer. "But still, Philip, I feel so strange, somehow, and—and so uncertain now, and unbelieving about them—everything—this morning, Philip! So let me see them, please dear! Bring them to me now and let me see them or I must I must ——"

She sank back as suddenly as she had struggled up, and Philip, putting her down, crossed the room quickly to the stand where he caught up a glass of water and her medicine. But as he turned again, he knew that her nervous strength had flushed back to her as quickly as it had fainted. She had risen and reached the door to the room between hers and the nursery, whence she had heard the sound of the children.

"Eleanore! Eleanore!" he cried, as he sprang for her. But she was through it and had reached the door on the other side of that room and had the nursery door open before he caught her.

She let him pick her up and carry her unresisting then back to her bed. He put her down carefully and covered her up, replacing his arms about her as he knelt beside her.

"Eleanore!" The tears ran then, unashamed and unconcealed, down his cheeks. "Oh, my wife!"

For many, many minutes, it seemed, neither could think. And then he raised his face to her and tried to speak, but, as she felt his movement, she opened her eyes and looked at him through unwet lashes and touched his head.

"I remember now, Philip," she spared him. "I—I remember all."

"We—I thought, at first, after you were hurt and began to ask for them, that you meant the the ones we almost hurt, dear." He pressed her. "And then you began speaking of them as—as ours, and telling me how you—you had loved and wanted them, so we I couldn't tell you," he stammered.

"I remember, and I know now—all, Philip," she repeated, gently,—"all now. They—the children are here! They are just not—not mine, that is all! They are just not mine! And I tried to make them mine—mine, for I always thought they would be and I—I loved and I wanted them—oh, I wanted them so!"

"Oh, my dearest, I know now!" The husband held her with his breast beating as though it must burst. "Oh, my wife, I know all now! But, my dear one, till this I did not, and you never told me! Oh, why did I not know and you never tell me till—till this made you?"

"Oh, a thousand times I tried to, Philip!" she cried. "But I—I could not! For you thought—for every man thinks, I suppose," she spared him in her agony, "who marries a woman like me, that it is the other things she won't give up for the children, when it is just—oh, just this between them, dearest, and he can't see it and she can't tell him till, perhaps, it is too late!"

Philip's breath caught with a sob.

"Oh, of course I wanted, Philip, as nearly every woman married like me must want—the other things for awhile. But then she must want the children; but you—you can't let her. You make it so hard—so—so impossible!"

"Oh, my dear, you mustn't!" the husband tried to stop her.

"I must—and now, Philip!" she fought on. "For I tried to tell you only last night—oh, that night, whenever it was, how hard you were making it for me. For, just because you wanted the home and them before I could, you took it all to yourself so and put me out against you! You would never, never let me go to the home except after open capitulation to you. So even after I came to want the home and—and the children, to want them in a way you could never, never have known, Philip, still you kept it so that I could not have them except in surrender to you.

"You built this house high on the hill—the house upon the hill which could not be hid—as the sign to the world of your wish for your home; and you would never, never let me come to it of my own will, but you required to

take me to it as a captive—in capitulation to you, I said, before the Wardlows and all the world! And you could not see that—though it tore the soul from me—I could not go that way. And I couldn't tell you plainer than I did.

"Why, Philip," the quick words tore on, "the last time I was away—in Japan, in May it was—on the day there of the festival for the children, and above every house where they have sons they fly the big, bright carp kites, and all the children are so merry and happy and the—the mothers so honored and so smiling and proud. Why, that day I sat down, Philip, and wrote out all my heart to you. I wrote it all to you, through tears, in a letter which I sealed without daring to read. But before I could mail it, another letter reached me from you, demanding, every word and every line, as always, my surrender—my surrender to you. And I—I tore up the letter and wrote you, instead, of—of a reception upon a yacht at Kobe!"

"I remember! I never knew!" The husband hid his face.

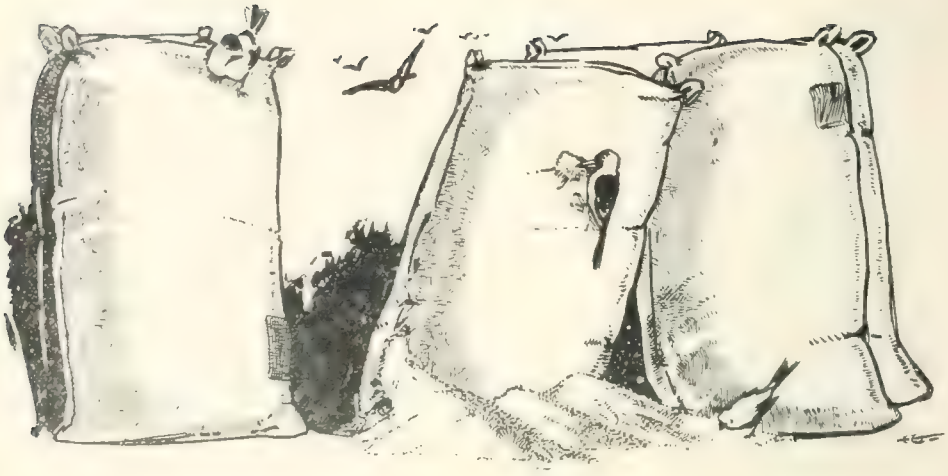
"And this time when I was home again," the words rushed on. "I knew better than you it was getting late. And I meant to stay almost at any cost, but I heard that you had gone to the Wardlows again and let your friends know, too, that you would take me to the house this winter. Yet, even that night, I tried to tell you. But—you could not see. So the next day yesterday, or whenever it was, Philip—I planned to show you how I was! But as soon as you saw me yielding, you had to force it again! And—oh—oh——"

The husband caught her in his arms and held her as she broke and shook with her sobs.

"Oh, I was wrong, Philip—I was terribly, terribly weak and wrong; but you, Philip, you, too——"

"My dearest," he cried in his agony. "I know now! And if this punishment could come only on me and not on you, too!"

"Punishment, Philip?" He felt the frail frame against him suddenly become still and controlled. "Oh, my dear, I do not believe—I can not believe just in punishment! No! No! This can not be punishment! And I was a coward a moment ago when I said it might be too late. For it is not! It can not be! For this has made us both know—in time; and this can be our home still! This can be a home—for us, too!"



Money-Mad Farming

By Rex Croasdell

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

Part 4.

WE LOST half a billion dollars last year. Yes, sir, you and I and the fellow in the next flat lost it between us. Half a billion dollars! Five hundred Million Dollars LOST!! Worse than that, *it was thrown away.* Half a Billion dollars ditched by a bone-headed bunch of indifferent farmers. And because of the indifference of these ham-handed land brains you and I and the other fellow haven't got our share of that half BILLION. Somebody must make a howl about it. What are *you* going to do about it? *You* suffered a share of the loss. How about retrieving it?

The loss is a matter of official record. It cannot be disputed. You helped to pay for the investigations which proved the deficit. The Federal Government spent a few thousands on an audit of Canada's agricultural production. The Commission of Conserva-

tion did its work well. It probed into methods. It went after causes as well as effects. The work was carried out under the supervision of the efficient officers of the Provincial Departments of Agriculture and the Agricultural Colleges. The inventory was absolute and accurate. There isn't even a dumb doubt about the deficit.

How the Devil of Immediate Gain Gets the Money-Mad Farmer in Spite of the Government

It was a big job, discovering a half-billion dollar debit. It meant *stock-taking* from Atlantic to Pacific. One hundred *representative* farms were marked down in each Province. Expert investigators were sent to each. The investigators made accurate notes of of every little and big twist of the game exactly as each farmer played it. The results were tabulated and analyzed and the findings of the Commission are beyond question. The results of the enquiry reflect *actual conditions* in each of the Provinces. Now just read a few lines from the general summary as they are written in the book of the Commission of Conservation for the year 1911:—

"The survey for the Committee on Lands has brought out the fact that, if farmers on the average throughout Canada would farm as well as the fifty best farmers whose farms had been surveyed, the result would be the doubling of the quantity of field crops from the land now occupied in Canada within a period of three years. Since the valuation of field crops in Canada ranges from five hundred and seven to five hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum, the importance of that possibility is seen."

Just think of it:—"*the result would be the doubling of the quantity of field crops from the land NOW occupied in Canada*". Don't run away with an idea that the fifty thrifty farmers were hand-picked. The "fifty best" doesn't mean the acme of agricultural excellence either. One hundred farms within each province—representative farms mind you—were visited and put through the third degree so to speak. Out of this number the fifty displaying the most intelligence were taken as a standard and if their methods had been followed by the other fellows we'd have been another half-billion to the good last year. Instead of that we were five hundred million dollars behind our easy possibilities. Half a Billion to the bad. Get it?

You can't get the "bigness" of the thing in plain figures. Size it up in the coal-bin instead of dollars and cents. One year's loss from the farmer's faulty farming would give every man jack of us free fuel for over five years. Just think it over when you stoke up the furnace to-night. Half a Billion's a lot of money and it's well worth working for. And *you* can help put it in the National coffers. Doesn't matter if you're tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man—or money mad farmer. It's up to everybody. The indifference of the shiftless farmer is a matter of grave National importance. He must be made to see the error of his ways and have his feet planted on the right path. It's high time he was pushed out of the comic supplement and put to work. Prod him along.

We'll discuss your share in the work of the farmer's regeneration later. In the meantime let's review the situation. The agricultural production of Canada is the Nation's greatest asset. No mistaking that. It has been proven that the present production can be doubled without breaking another acre of land. No question about that. By producing only fifty per cent. of a possible hundred we're losing half our agricultural revenue. And that's a fearful fact. Conditions must be changed. Short-sighted greed, ignorance and indifference are the underlying causes of our agricultural deficiency. The greatest of the three evils must be Ignorance. The devil of immediate gain can only get his work in with the ignorant; and indifference never was coupled with knowledge.

"Then why doesn't the Government do something to dispel this ignorance?"

you ask. Why bless your life, man, the Government sits up nights planning new schemes for the spread of the better-farming gospel. But Ignorance, Indifference and Short-sighted Greed together make an unholy trinity which is mighty hard to buck against. The indifference is spawned in ignorance and the devil takes the farmer in spite of the Government. The fact is the lard-brained section of the farming community—the big majority—doesn't *care* because it doesn't *know*. Just how to let daylight into them is the problem of the day.

How the Government is Pounding Sense into the Farmer

The Government is doing its share in the salvation of the soils of the country. It is working hard to pound sound principles into the foolish farmer. Experimental stations have been established all over the place. Agricultural Colleges have been built and equipped with all the men and machinery necessary to carry out the work. Demonstration cars have been sent out over the railroads to carry the work to the heathen agriculturists. District Representatives—missionaries of a better farming faith—have been established permanently on farms in different localities to set examples to all thereabouts. Tons of inspirational and educational literature have been printed for distribution. And yet, let us repeat it, the devil takes the farmer in spite of the Government. But don't think *all* this work is going to waste. It isn't quite as bad as that. Here and there among the multitude the scales fall from the eyes of an individual and he wakes to find himself thrice blessed because of the practice of the principles the Government has taught him freely and without cost. It is because of the few exceptions to the general rule that agricultural appropriations spring eternal from the national money chest. And the work *must* continue.

What the City Man Has to Do with the Half-Billion Deficit

"What more can be done?" Very much more can be done! Go over the facts again. Present conditions exist because of the indifference of the ignorant farmer. One tithe of the warnings and teachings directed against corresponding conditions in almost any other line of activity would be heeded and heeded mighty quick. But the farmer needs about forty pounds of gun-cotton touched off under each of his two heels before he is thoroughly roused to the error of his ways. Properly directed Public Interest is the gun-cotton in this particular case. Remember, oh ye bankers, bakers and candlestick makers, that the amount involved in last year's losses alone would build the road to Hudson Bay, deepen the Welland Canal, buy two or three score more navies and leave a lot over to boot. Double the present production of farm products—and it can be doubled—and all those other things that you're yammering for will come as a natural consequence—if you still want them. Doesn't it strike you as a worthy accomplishment; something the whole nation should desire *and demand?* Don't set the thing aside with the thought that it's none of your business. It *is* your business. It means an acceleration of progress in the general prosperity of the Dominion. Don't leave it to the farmer. As things are now he doesn't give a hang. He'll go on mucking his feet in the same old rut, wasting money, energy and fertility, and producing half of what he should, as long as you let him.

Get "het up" about this "spinal maginnis" of the National back-bone. Start something. Take an interest in the betterment of agriculture; you'll

soon find fascination in the study. Proclaim the preaching of crop rotation, seed selection and intensified farming to your neighbor, and write your country cousins about it. The press quickly follows public interest and then things 'll start moving. Apply the gun-cotton and the farmer will step out lively on the road to a doubled prosperity. Take a review of the prevailing conditions in agricultural France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Sweden. There you will find a maintenance of *public interest* in agriculture and a hearty support of any measure calculated to provide the farmer with a better equipment of knowledge of his subject. Above all you will find an agricultural production per acre many, many times more than ours. General Public Interest did it; and General Public Interest will do it here. How about *your* contribution of interest to the common fund?

Five Cardinal Points in the Creed of Better Agriculture

There are five cardinal points in the Better-Agriculture Creed. Maintenance and *development* of soil fertility; Scientific selection of seed; Eradication of weeds and pests; Elimination of unprofitable stock; and Proper marketing of produce. Out of these five spring a multitude of improvements effecting a conservation of energy and more than a duplication of production. The maintenance and development of soil fertility means a systematic rotation of crops. Seed selection means the development of special strains which will germinate, ripen and yield a rich harvest under the peculiar climatic conditions of any particular locality. The eradication of weeds and pests will result in bumper crops of higher grade grains, roots and vegetables. The elimination of unprofitable stock will explain itself to anybody who has seen a dairy cow eating its head off and delivering a few pinched pints of watery milk in return or a bacon hog eating pea-meal by the barrel and qualifying for the washboard class at the same time. As to the proper marketing of produce, it can't even be understood when the housewife has to pay about 'steen middlemen before she can cook breakfast, lunch or supper.

The Foolish Farmer who Lets the Soil Blow Away under His Feet

The farmers are neglecting the cardinal points; there can be no doubt about it. Take the first essential, Rotation of Crops. Read what the Committee on Conservation has to say about it. Here is another quotation from the report for 1911:—

"For the Committee on Lands last year a survey was made of nine hundred and eighty-five farms, or an average of rather more than one hundred farms for each province. From the survey it was gathered that, of the whole number of farmers visited, not more than nine per cent. follow any intelligent and effective system of rotation of crops. Many farmers take rotation to mean any order of sequence for one crop to follow another. Instead of that, rotation of crops implies that, during each year while the crop is growing, the best preparation is being made in the same field for the succeeding crop and for the preservation of the fertility of the soil and its freedom from weeds. . . . . Lack of rotation in one large area in the Northwest extending over about five hundred square miles is given as the reason for the destruction of the fibrous material in the soil which formerly held it in place. In the area, the farmers reported that, from want of root fibres in the soil, winds in the spring sometimes carry off the surface soil including the seed, or else leave the seed bare. There are some Western cities that may follow the fate of Nineveh, smothered into oblivion from want of care in protecting the soils."

That "official" reference to Nineveh ought to hit pretty hard somewhere. As with crop rotation, so it is with all the other primary principles—the farmers are avoiding them. How much longer will you stand for it?

What the Government Will Give If You Will Trouble to Take It

Dig into the primaries for yourself. There are free Government publications covering every turn and twist of the whole matter. The Federal and Provincial Departments of Agriculture have taken up every phase of the subject. The work of Experimental Stations, Agricultural Colleges, Dairy-Commissioners, and District Representatives has all been tabulated and set forth in the King's good English so simply that he who runs may read it. Prod your local newspaper man into discussing these things in print so that the whole family can read about them after supper. They make interesting reading and mean more than a lot of twaddle about who's who and why in politics and police news. Take for instance the case of producing a wheat that'll beat the frost to the tape and yield thirty-five to fifty per. The agricultural experts in the Government employ have discovered such a wheat and the Government will supply any intelligent farmer with free seed of the variety. About four hundred new varieties of barley, oats, wheat and peas are now being tested at Ottawa. It's a matter of years to sort the good from the bad—but it will be well done and the farmer may benefit from the work if he wishes to. Take an interest in this work and make it jolly well known all round that you're interested.

By a display of interest amongst the common folk—meaning you and I and the other fellow—let's hope the big fellows will be made to take notice. Let the importance of this thing be once glimpsed by the men who wield big power and control creative forces and the indifferent farmer 'll wonder what struck him. But the big fellows are very busy building railroads, harnessing water powers, digging ditches and manoeuvring bond flotations. Let the dear old General Public shout loud enough about that half billion and the mighty men will quickly set about help setting things to rights. Agriculture is the corner stone of our National success and at this blessed minute the corner stone's quite a little out of alignment. It is a matter for the immediate attention of the Nation's master builders. By all means bring the big men into the argument.

The Promotion of Better Farming Concerns Every One of Us

You can see then that the promotion of better farming concerns every one of the seven and a half million of us. The regeneration of the farmer is a public cause to be espoused by all. Every organization in the country must take it up and force the light on the feckless farmer if we are to retrieve that half billion. Don't waste any time mourning over lost opportunities; the past is buried and so is the half billion. The present and future are ours to do with as we will. We *can* control our agricultural destiny. Remember—General Public Interest will turn the trick. Let's start to-day on the path to a 100 per cent Prosperity. Rouse up your Local Member, Board of Trade, Business Men's League and Bankers' Association. Canada's agricultural constitution has a stitch in its side. The remedy lies ready to your hand. What are you going to do about it?

A Mongrel Dog of Italy

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

NOT so very far back, when people made trips on bicycles, I took a run all by myself through Italy from Naples down to the toe of the boot, and discovered a dog, and the dog developed rapid history, with a climax.

Late one mid December afternoon I wheeled into a Calabrian village of small size, great age, and unbelievable dirt. At the hither end of it stood the village pound, and from this pound rose staccato clamor audible for the last half mile and steadily kept up. There was a note of appeal in it that warned of trouble within. Instinctively I slowed down.

"Bosh!" said I, reasoning with myself. "What could you do with a dog?" Nevertheless I came to a stop and proceeded to make investigation.

Against the wall, when I looked over it, rested the dog, by his forepaws; and from his forward end ejaculated all that noise.

A dozen or so additional dogs were droop-eared and pessimistic, miserably reconciled to death and subsequent sausage, accepting both as part of an established order in an evil world. But this one was of another mind, because of a cheerful disposition and a faith in man. Somewhere in the universe there was a human friend, who would see him through with it if only he could be made to hear. So he was sending forth his call and doing the best his inches would allow to get a look over the barrier, and see if a cloud of dust might not be coming, with deliverance in its midst. The proceedings were without interest to the others, but his optimism passed that over as being no concern of his.

He never could have been mistaken for anything but a dog, but nobody could have told what kind or kinds of dog—not with a thousand years to guess in. The bloods of all the dogs of all the bygone ages was his, with all the worthlessness of all of them; but unimaginable dim memories of many generations of hearthside and hillside companionship with men and little children blended in a faith that shone pathetic in his clear brown eyes—anxious, foolish and fond.

The moment those eyes met mine his tail went invisible through activity. Down he dropped, and pranced back and forth and sidewise, barking delight and welcome and entreaty.

"O, there you are! I knew you'd come. O, you human being, get me out of this. You can do anything, I know you can, and I'm your dog, only you don't know it. Can't you see this is no place for me? Open that gate quick. Whatever good I might be to you anywhere else, I'm no good here. I've been looking for you ever since I was a puppy, but I need you now to the limit. Get a hustle on! Do you want

to see me turned into links? Yip-yap!"

And the bark toned down to a muted whine as the tail slowed into sight and the forepaws went up against the wall again. Then came a shifting scrabble and a try at a jump near enough to let him slather my face with his long and limber tongue.

There was a tumult of protest originating in misapprehension when I dropped out of sight and wheeled away to find the official in charge, but it was all right when we returned and the official nearly pulled the back of his neck over his ears in lifting him out, delivering to me at the same time a story about him that I wouldn't care to have told about me if I were a dog, and commending other members of his collection as outpointing him in all the virtues, if I were really so idiotic as to want any dog at all.

The dog paid not the slightest attention to this, but rolled in the street a few times, scratched himself vigorously in several places, tried to jump all over me, and seemed to be delighted when he got in a lick or two at the back of my hand. For the official he had no use farther than to give him an atavistic glare and growl, wolf like. When I got on the wheel he followed me, unquestioning and happy.

The official lost no time and spared no gestures in giving out the news that a mad Englishman had paid a small fortune to liberate a miserable dog with whose depravities all were familiar; so that by the time I had beached my wheel at the inn and gone over to the fountain with Il Trovatore (the dog—I thought that name would fit), I had an audience of all ages but no voice watching me with a curiosity so open that it carried no offense. When examination betrayed Trovatore to be the home and sustenance of a population beyond all possibility of census, and I began by bodily ducking him in the water, this curiosity became inflamed by suspicion, and they drew nearer, sending children out for other villagers as against the chance that something sinister was toward. The audience grew.

But when soap was applied, with resultant suds, the circle widened — drew off a little — and there were murmurs of surprise not wholly free from awe. The mad Englishman was working strange wonders on that so unworthy animal. To see him change water into foam and then to see emerge from that foam a black and yellow dog that previously had been a uniform though indeterminable brown, was a thing that should be reported to those higher up. A boy was sent with speed for the village priest.

When that mild old gentleman arrived, rusty in his worn frock and frayed bands, the dog was dry again, and submitting to being scissored with the patience of an injured saint. The hair had been clipped from his body amidships, disclosing blue-grey skin; and at this astonishing exhibition the priest himself was taken aback, so that he waved the people with a gesture to wait, and make no noise.

The hair disappeared from the shoulders and the muzzle, then from the legs excepting the feet, then from the tail excepting a tuft at the end. When a souse under water completed the operation and the dog was set down to shake himself, he stood revealed, a little living image of a disproportioned lion; and only the presence of the priest withheld the people from a wild stampede after weapons of sorts, invocations inclusive of all holy things wavering skyward in a sudden gust of fear.

Explanations to the priest allayed but did not dispel this state of the general mind, for his reverence had been at the schools in his youth, and now recalled faintly the curious phenomena of soap and water. But the absence of miracle by no means cleared up the question of motive in the strange conduct of this deranged though evidently opulent stranger.

The dog made tentative skips toward the inn and back again, with gentle yips and yi's, while this was being volubly gone over, and joyously led the way after I had proven myself a good Christian and a man of large estate by contributing a few shillings' worth of Italian coin to the charities of the parish, and was free to go—but not unfollowed. A changing audience

AT THIS ASTONISHING EXHIBITION THE VILLAGE PRIEST HIMSELF WAS TAKEN ABACK

was with me still when, as the sun went down, I had my supper under the vines before the tavern door.

Changing, but scandalized. For I fed the dog, from my own plate, and found him insatiable. He didn't eat—he gulped, and got more than I did, and thumped his comedy-tail for more, raising puffs of dust, licking his chops, and working his forepaws in little up and down unconscious movements of anticipation; but never taking his eyes off the face and hands of this new human being whom he had adopted at sight to be his very own.

I ordered further supplies, which were produced without enthusiasm, for the landlord was inwardly indignant. The third order had been filled and I had saved out of it for myself enough to tide me over before the dog began to realize that nothing else would be doing. Even then he seemed to feel that he had been in some way slighted. When I took up my wine to finish it he almost spoke, his whine was so expressive. He wanted some. I let him have it, in a dish. He lapped it up like winking and beat a perfect tattoo of joy with his tail and barked for more. Here ended my first lesson. Il Trovatore was potentially a soak.

The people found voice among themselves against this sinful prodigality that had fallen among them, where a dog might drink wine and eat as never they had done, and still no fall of the heavens proclaim the wrath of outraged gods. If all that was said to the innumerable saints of Calabria went home, there must have been commotion in their paradise that night—but nothing came of it, and the crowd eventually left us to ourselves.

When I went to bed the dog went with me. No inducement of an individual pile of sacks upon the floor could change his mind about it. He prevailed, partly because I was too weary for dispute. But after he had snuggled his nose up close to my ear and breathed two or three contented sighs, I gave in, for it brought back with a soft pang the memory of another dog, beloved in boyhood, for whose sins I had many times accepted vicarious thumpings.

In the morning there was breakfast to be dealt with, outside, as before, and now again the dog and his appe-

tite invited popular criticism. The people gathered early to see what we would do. They seemed to have plentiful leisure.

A chicken had been ordered, and some inferior food for Trovatore. This last disappeared before I had made a beginning, and there was a repetition of the same pleading, the same feeding. Most of the chicken went to the dog. So with a second. When the third was ordered, the landlord ventured remonstrance, with feeling even though with respect—and the people murmured. At last the third had gone the unevenly divided way of the other two, and then the priest appeared again, to point at the protruding pod of the dog, and to cavities in the corresponding regions of the village young, with much solicitous comment upon the sin that difference implied. There was nothing for it but to donate once again, and clear out of that: and so it was done, with such good grace as might be.

The dog had evident opinions on the weakness of any such departure, but when I wheeled away he came along, head up and tail extended. An hour or two upon the road, and I missed him. Whistling availed no more than calling. The dog was not in sight or hearing. I turned, and there about a half mile back he sat, in the middle of the highway, contentedly waiting and raising dust puffs with his brush. Nor would he stir for my call or entreaty, not even for a feint of desertion. When I threatened him he simply moved out of range and stood blinking pleasantly, with his tongue out.

"I believe you want my lunch," said I, in English. The language was new to him, but he understood. He hopped delightedly with his forefeet only, and looked fond expectation.

I unbuckled the lunch tin and opened it and tossed a morsel. It vanished like a flash. Another was not enough. Nor another. Then I turned the box over and dumped its contents, to see them go as though they had not been. I showed him the empty box. This was accepted as a satisfactory reason why at the moment I could do no more, and he signified his willingness to proceed.

That day's run gave evidence of a fixed belief that he could catch birds. He chased a possible hundred of them with not the slightest regard to altitude, but he realized only one. That one happened to be an aged and incautious hen, whose owner had to be indemnified to the value of a whole brood, though it was not badly hurt, and he kept it.

The few days next following brought such a variety of experiences in which coin was invariably required to avert trouble that I found myself facing a choice between dissolving partnership or going broke. I could not hope to win back to Naples alive if I had to settle for archaic poultry on a bird of paradise basis many times more, nor could I by castigation or the spoken word convince the Trovatore that in subjecting me to this strain he was performing any other than his plain and simple duty. It would not have been so bad if he had fought it out with the country folk himself, but that was outside his idea altogether. He must lay his trophies at his master's feet, and that was all the honest farmers needed. My ownership was no more to be denied than his marauding, and I was obliged to pay.

The first chance I had to try out the new move came at high noon the day before Christmas, when he had scuttered up a side lane and come tearing back with a hen in his mouth and a farmer in furious pursuit, accompanied by a boy. The matter was arranged, but the boy was openly interested in the dog by reason of that leonine haircut. He had never before seen such a dog. I pulled out the mendacity stop full length, and explained with shameless particularity that dogs of this strain were employed on the coast of the West Indies to catch fish, especially flying fish, and that was the reason he had caught the hen, being innocently mistaken in its genus. The upshot was that the farmer bought the dog at what he believed to be a bargain, having visions of spoliation in forbidden waters thereabout, as well I knew.

A WHIRL OF SOMETHING LEFT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND STRUCK HIM LIKE A TEN-INCH SHELL

I sold him my Trovatore for about double what he had charged me for the hen, and wheeled away with a heavier pocket and a lighter heart. The last I saw of Trovatore, he was pulling back with all his might against a rope, and the boy was dragging him into the lane.

That identical evening, with my thoughts on other Christmas eves in times long passed and places far away, I was brought back to bondage with a jerk that spilled a mouthful of unusual words all unaware. Il Trovatore was jumping all over me, whimpering delight, and asking to be fed at once, for he was empty, and his feet were sore. I said what came to me, and said it hard.

"M-m-wye-m," answered Trovatore, unabashed. "But I love you, human man," it meant. "Don't you see you're all the world to me?" And he larruped my face with that limber tongue of his.

"O, all right," said the human man. "All right. I might as well give up." And I did.

"Merry Christmas, you thief," said I. He grinned and scratched himself.

On a bench along the front of the inn where this happy reunion came off, lay a native, most particularly drunk, and to him, after feeding, went my dog, in sympathetic curiosity. This suggested something.

I called the landlord and ordered two bottles of wine, one for the native, whom I learned was the village vagabond, and of reputation somewhat corrupt, for he had occasional money though he never worked. For all of that the landlord waked him up and handed him the bottle, with compliments of the generous traveller.

The sot sat up and drank. The dog was deeply interested. The sot let him have some of the wine and kicked him. The dog instantly showed a desire for closer acquaintance. The sot gave him more wine, and then finished the bottle. I instructed that he be furnished with a fresh one. The sot and the dog finished this, and then gamboled confusedly a bit, before the sot returned to his slumbers, with his hand on the dog's head. Presently the dog gave way to fatigue, hearty eating and too much drink. He climbed up across the sot and also went asleep.

"Here's my chance," said I.

It was a soft moonlit evening, and

the day had been very warm. The road was an old Roman work and beautiful, but cruelly straight over hill and through hollow. A little way on I took a side road of comparatively modern make, that the maps said would go roundabout and avoid the steep gradients of the Roman one. It would be several miles longer, but that was no great matter to a man who had just escaped a hunting, haunting, all-devouring dog.

Eventually I rolled out again to the Roman road, where it led to a viaduct as old as itself, with low and crumbled parapets. This viaduct crossed a rough ravine almost two hundred feet deep, and at the moment finely veiled in a fairy fabric of mist and moonbeams. I had little more than reached it when my forward wheel struck a stone and threw me in such a manner that I twisted an ankle; and this was no more than realized before a shot blaffed out from the hillside, a splinter of stone flipped from the wall, and in a little avalanche of rubble a man came slithering down, with a comic opera knife in his hand that looked to me at least a mile long. The doubtful character, the sot, had speeded by the Roman road to catch me here, and had me—almost.

For as he came with his absurd knife upraised and the momentum of his slide behind him, a whirl of something left the ground at the side of the road and struck him like a ten-inch shell. There was a horrible snarl of animal sounds and rapid blasphemy as the two bodies smashed against the parapet and disappeared over the edge like smitten vapor. Then came such a scream as I hope never to hear again, ending in a gurgle and a shock of silence—utter silence.

I hobbled across to the farther end of the viaduct, where the house was that I had intended lodging in that night. I got there and roused them out, and they went down with lights and brought back my dog, dead in his comedy haircut, and bloody.

But he had decent burial, and the place is marked, as it should be, for he had taken from me only rescue and food, but on that Christmas eve had given me all he had—his love, and his life.

THE DAFFODILS

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

GRAY is the city as a gray-beard Jew.
Steel, paper, shoes, a thousand sordid things,
Crowd the dull windows, fill the humming hives,
Busy the piteous-eager hearts of men.
Yet on a day when light the wafting wind
Teased the grim giant with a hint of spring,
There between buildings broke the sunlight through,
And lo! an arched dark window was ablaze
With the gold splendor of the daffodils!
Who said the day of miracles was done?
I saw with my two eyes, and felt my heart
Go fluting "April!" all the wintry day.
And I shall never pass that way again
Without remembrance of the swift surprise—
Here in the sun the jonquils' spendthrift gold;
At the street's end the blue, resounding sea!

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS.

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Clichy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. The younger Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London, and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6," in his monoplane. At the Coronation she meets her bird-man again, and learns that he is her cousin, the Chevalier d'Yves, in England with her grandfather on an important diplomatic mission. While attending the Coronation she is robbed of her purse containing her key to the vault containing her bonds. She borrows money and goes to Paris to recover them from the elder Magniff, to whom she reveals his son's plot. He finally offers her 50,000 francs for her bonds, payable in three weeks, which she accepts. The Comte d'Yves and the Chevalier visit her, thinking her a spy. She reveals their relationship, the Chevalier tells her he loves her, and she goes to Clichy as his fiancee. The elder Magniff holds a spite mortgage on Clichy, interest on which falls due in a few days. As they cannot meet it, Clichy must be sacrificed. On the appointed day the younger Magniff comes to take possession of Clichy, and renews his pursuit of Anne

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

In the hallway I met Charles. I feared that he would see my agitated face, but his own was so distressed that I feared that the greatest of sorrows must have come to him.

"The Comte!" I gasped; and then I noticed that in one hand he held a can of kerosene.

"My monoplane," he answered wildly. "I am going to burn her, Anne. She shall never fall into his clutches, she who bore us aloft that splendid day."

I took the can from him. "Wait until to-morrow, Charles," I whispered. "Much may happen by then."

I left him standing irresolute and went up to my room and sat down in a chair. I did not weep. My brain was in a whirl, and a thousand thoughts and doubts oppressed me. Magniff's threats, his infamous suggestions as to the honor of my fiance, the imminent loss of Clichy—all this presented a thousand aspects and I strove dimly to pierce to the heart of the problem which confronted me.

If I married Magniff Clichy would at least be saved. That seemed the chief consideration. My happiness—that of Charles, even, was nothing compared to the preservation of the old home that had withstood so many vicissitudes. Other women, braver than I, had sacrificed themselves in the past for Chateau Clichy. Then why not I, even though I should kill myself afterwards?

Then, in the midst of these cogitations there flashed into my mind, in the most incongruous way, the memory of Mr. Spratt.

Angrily I sought to free myself from

this recollection. What had this little Winnipeg teacher to do with my present troubles? He was the last, the very last and least thought that should come to me. But my mind wandered, and again I seemed to see him bidding me a timid farewell upon the Winnipeg platform. "My great work, Miss Ives," he panted, offering me the code. "The work of many years. Take it; you will need it in France." His odious little rabbit-like face rose up so plainly in my mind's eye that I seemed to visualize him in the room, and I pressed my fingers hard upon my eyelids in a fruitless effort to dismiss him.

I rose at last, still miserably uncertain. My suitcase lay packed upon the bureau and, opening it idly, I caught sight of that wretched gift of Mr. Spratt to me. I raised it; an envelope fell from beneath the paper cover. I opened it—and recoiled with a suppressed scream.

Five bank-notes, of the value of one hundred pounds apiece, fluttered upon the floor. Five hundred pounds! Twenty five hundred dollars; twelve thousand five hundred francs! The interest upon the mortgage!

It was the prize money that Charles had won that day in England when he made his aeroplane flight with me, which the secretary of the aviation meet, obstinately assuming me to be his wife, had thrust into my hands that evening of our chance encounter at Charing Cross station. I had put the money away in Mr. Spratt's book and wholly forgotten it.

I think I must have gone mad with joy, for I ran down the stairs, waving the money wildly, shouting incoherently. On the way down I encountered Charles. I shook the bank-notes into his face and rushed on past him. The Comte and his daughter were in the drawing room and came out as I descended; I waved the money at them and ran on, into the library. Magniff was there, seated in an arm-chair, reading a newspaper. As I entered he rose and came toward me, a light of triumph in his eyes.

"You have come to accept, Anne!" he cried.

"I have come to pay you your blood fee," I cried wildly, and flung the notes down on the table. "Take these and go. Go! Never let me see you again. You understand?" I babbled on. "Go! Go!"

Then everything swam round me. The old Comte caught me from behind and supported me as I fell fainting into his arms.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STOLEN TREATY

Magniff lays down his hand, and I find his cards are stacked.

At last the day arrived on which the safe containing my bonds was to be opened. My bonds, I say—well, hardly mine, since I had blindly sold them to the banker for a paltry $10,000, not knowing their value to him, when I might have utilized his use of them to force Magniff to release my grandfather from his mortgage. I reflected with some bitterness upon my folly. Still, even $10,000 was not to be despised. That would enable my grandfather to meet his interest and thus retain Clichy for at least two years, during which period much might occur.

As to the future of myself and Charles I dared not think of it. Marriage was out of the question under the present circumstances. Every penny that could be scraped together had gone to pay the interest on that miserable mortgage, and in three months more the interest must again be met.

"We shall be driven to giving exhibitions in our monoplane for a bare living, sun-goddess," said Charles to me, gaily. I could not re-echo my fiance's mirth. Since the loss or theft of the treaty draft Charles had been suspended from his office in the diplomatic service of France. I feared, too, that suspicion had fallen on him. He had no other source of income than his meagre pay as captain in an infantry regiment, from which he had been detached for special service of State.

Despite the fact that in accordance with my agreement with the financier I was to receive $10,000 upon the safe being opened, I arose on the appointed morning after a restless night, overwhelmed with misgivings. Empty

and vain as they appeared to be, I could not but recall Leopold Magniff's threats, his self-confident assurances that the Chevalier and I stood on the brink of ruin. What schemes had he prepared for us? what might he not have done, being in possession of my key, as I felt sure he was? I voiced my fears at the breakfast table, but Charles laughed them away. Much as he hated us, he argued, Leopold Magniff would hardly dare utilize his possession of my key to remove the bonds from the safe, since they could not be negotiated and he would merely be placing himself within the grasp of the law.

"You will find your bonds in the safe, Anne," said Charles optimistically. "Or rather, we shall."

"You will come with me?" I cried, and all my fears and doubts immediately resolved themselves.

We asked advice of my grandfather, who cordially approved of the Chevalier's suggestion. "For you see," he said, "our little Anne came to us in such an unexpected fashion that she is liable to disappear, perhaps in the guise of some beneficent fairy, after having saved Clichy to us, if we permit her to go to Paris alone."

"Never fear that you will lose me, until you are tired of me, grandfather," I answered.

The old Comte had changed considerably during the brief period that I had known him. His great age—eighty-four—appeared to have begun at length to manifest itself. Not that his vigor of mind or body was in any manner impaired, but I could discern that he had begun to detach himself, with that natural change which comes upon the very old, from the more active and external interests of life.

I believe that in my coming he beheld a pardon for his crime in driving my father from his roof—a crime which he had repented bitterly through all those years that had elapsed since that unhappy time.

Charles and I set off for Paris by an early train. We travelled through the pleasant, fertile fields of Normandy, among little old villages where life seemed at once so simple and so kindly that it required some effort of will to realize that we were, perhaps, rushing into an unknown danger, that the activities of many enemies might even now have laid a trap for our undoing. I had revealed to my fiance the story of Magniff's threats, omitting, of course, his vile suggestions that Charles had been a traitor and sold the treaty. Charles did not receive the news so lightly as I had expected.

"Let us go straight ahead, confident in our own integrity, Anne," he answered. "Then let them do their worst. They cannot harm us; treachery always recoils upon itself, be it never so cunningly contrived."

We were so fortunate as to have a compartment to ourselves. It was so charming to be seated together, side by side. Charles placed his arm round me and drew me to him.

"Will you let me announce our engagement, Anne?" he pleaded. "It is surely realized at home. My grandfather and mother know that we love one another. Besides, if any danger does threaten us, I can protect you better as my wife."

"You travel very rapidly, Monsieur,' I answered. "A moment ago it was merely an announcement of the engagement that you required. And now you end the sentence by proposing another relationship."

"When we reach Paris I shall show you the office of a registrar," he answered. "There we shall be formally betrothed. And then—"

"Yes, Monsieur?" I said, with feigned coolness.

"I shall serve formal notice upon my mother and grandfather of our betrothal, in accordance with the provisions of the Code Napoleon," he answered.

I had listened with beating heart to the unfolding of these proposals, but the mention of the Code brought instantly to my memory the image of little Mr. Spratt, presenting me with his famous Code. "Take this volume ....my life-work...a compilation of love....you will need it abroad," the little man had gasped as he handed it to me. And now in every crisis of my life, it seemed, the vision of Mr. Spratt

was destined to arise like some spectre confronting me. I became suddenly silent.

Charles carried out his program. Upon our arrival at the terminus he hurried me along a maze of small side streets, up a narrow staircase and into the presence of the registrar. There we complied with the formalities which the famous Code prescribed. We were betrothed—an incident, merely, in Anglo-Saxon countries, but here a matter of severe formality, and necessary preliminary to a marriage.

But I leaned happily upon his arm as we descended the narrow staircase. The happiness, the perfect joy in the irrevocability of the step, thrilled me. Winnipeg seemed like a distant memory of some former, dimly remembered existence at that moment.

"And now, should anything befall me I shall be content," he said as we descended to the street.

Often those words recurred to me afterwards.

We arrived at the bank and sent in our cards. I could not avoid a thrill of expectation as to the outcome; would Magniff refuse to see me? But he did not. He would see both of us, he said, and we were ushered almost immediately into his private office. There he sat, half buried among his ledgers, as on the occasion of my former visit to him; but this time he was attended by a couple of severe-looking functionaries in semi-uniform. He bowed distantly to Charles and bade us be seated.

"The Chevalier d'Yves attends, I take it, as an interested party," said Magniff, looking at me through his gold glasses. There was a peculiar expression upon his features; a sort of cunning triumph, as though he held the situation perfectly in hand.

We bowed our acknowledgments to this suggestion. Then, at a summons by bell, a messenger brought in the agreement which I had signed three weeks before.

"Your name is Anne Ives," Magniff said rapidly, glancing over the document. "You claim to be the granddaughter of the Comte d'Yves, of Clichy, Normandy, and the possessor of certain bonds now in one of our safes. You have sold these to me for 50,000 francs, payable upon delivery."

As I admitted each of these several propositions the banker handed the document to the functionaries, who glanced at it swiftly, and then at me and Charles.

"The duplicate key has been fashioned," Magniff continued, "and these gentlemen are the government officials whose presence at the unlocking of the safe is required under the Code Napoleon."

The pale and studious face of little Mr. Spratt stood out before my eyes with startling clearness.

"Then let us proceed to the vaults," said Magniff finally, and we all rose and followed him. The functionaries closed in around us in a significant manner, almost as though we were prisoners, I thought, and as though the vaults were destined to be our dungeon.

We proceeded by a subterranean stone stairway into the depths of the earth, emerging through an iron doorway into a huge room, lighted by electric light, around which innumerable safety compartments were arranged. Nobody else was there, except a janitor who stood at a door at the far end, which communicated by a flight of steps, with the street outside. Magniff led us to the safe and handed the key to me.

"It has not been opened for thirty years," he said. "You may find the hinges stiffened. Nevertheless the Code Napoleon prescribes that you yourself shall open it. If it is beyond your power, doubtless the Chevalier will hold your fingers. But he must not unlock the safe."

I made no answer, but stepped forward and fitted the key into the lock, turning it until I obtained the combination. The functionaries, apparently inspired by intense interest, drew close, one on each side of me. The heavy door swung open easily. Inside the safe I saw a bundle of papers. My hand shook so, from excitement, that I could barely lay hold of them.

"Observe! Her hand trembles, Gaston!" I heard one of the officials say to the other in a stage whisper.

I drew the papers from their resting place and handed them to Magniff.

"Pray examine these, and, if you find that they are made out correctly, complete the contract," I said.

"You again claim, before these gentlemen," said the banker, "that these are your own Panama bonds?"

"Indubitably," I answered.

Magniff signalled to the officials, and they came up to me. He glanced at the papers and began to shuffle them rapidly. One sheet became detached and fluttered to the ground. It was a doubled piece of notepaper, such as used anywhere for correspondence, and it was covered with minute writing. Suddenly Charles darted forward.

"The treaty!" he exclaimed, and grasped for it.

One of the officials stooped; his hands met those of my fiance. As they rose I heard something click. The Chevalier was handcuffed!

The second man stepped up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Charles Victor Sebastian, Chevalier d'Yves," he said, "I arrest you for espionage and theft of a secret government document."

Charles was too stupefied to attempt resistance, even if the thought had entered his head. I stared from one to the other of the group, still mystified. I had not yet fully comprehended. Magniff whispered to the second man and he came to my side.

"Mademoiselle Anne Ives," he said, "I arrest you for complicity in the theft of a government document, and also for attempting to obtain money by the sale of worthless forged bonds."

Magniff nodded his head. "A very clumsy forgery," he said. He turned to me. "It grieves me, Mademoiselle, to have to place you under arrest," he continued. "I hoped that at the last moment you would not have the audacity to carry out this scheme. Remember, pray, that I warned you upon the occasion of our former interview, what would be the inevitable consequences should you persist in this attempt of yours to extort money from me. Had I [illegible] unwarned," he concluded, "I should have permitted you to go unscathed. But I have my duty as a Frenchman. When I discovered that this trick of yours was part of a wider scheme to defraud and betray France, that you had actually concealed the stolen document in this safe of yours, thinking to hide it when you removed the forged bonds, then my patriotism arose and forced me into action."

"O spare your patriotism," I returned, cold with humiliation and anger. "No, let him do his worst," I continued, seeing that Charles was upon the point of springing to my side. "It is the last baffled scheme of a desperate trickster."

"Bravo, Anne," said Charles, clapping his manacled hands. At the hollow chink of the steel, the words of anger died on my lips. For the first time I realized that Leopold Magniff's nets had closed round us. He had fulfilled his threats.

A cab was drawn up at the door—for they had arranged their plan down to the last detail—and Charles and I entered, together with the officers, while Magniff betook himself elsewhere. A long ride through the Paris streets terminated at the door of a large prison-like structure which I subsequently discovered to be one of the principal fortresses of the capital. There we were separated; Charles was taken in one direction and I in another, along a branching stone corridor and into a small but fairly well-furnished room, clearly no prison cell, where I was left to my meditations.

An hour later I received a visit from a major in uniform, who courteously requested my presence before the examining magistrate. He seemed to regard me as some rare and valuable wild animal, and my youthful appearance evidently astonished him.

"Monsieur Picton has the reputation of a brute, Mademoiselle," he said. But have no fear. You need confess nothing, and he is merely an adjunct to the military law under which you will be tried. You will have ample time in which to prepare your defence."

"For myself I need none," I replied. "But where is the Chevalier? Shall I see him?"

The major shook his head.

"He has already been examined," he answered, smiling faintly. "I fear it will go hard with him. France has had too many betrayals of late. But have

no fear for yourself," he continued, scrutinizing my face. "The utmost penalty for treachery in time of peace is exile upon the Isle du Diable."

The Devil's Island! Remembrances of all that I had read about that fearful place rushed through my mind. For the moment I thought that I would faint. The walls reeled round me and I saw the face of the officer through a wavering mist. Then I collected my wits resolutely and, indicating that I was ready, followed him out of the room and down a long corridor, until we entered a small office containing a high desk and a number of chairs. Behind the desk, on a bench, sat a stern-looking, black-bearded magistrate, wearing the gown and cap of his professional office. Seated in the room were Magniff and the officials who had arrested us, with two or three officers in uniform.

The magistrate beckoned insolently to me to approach his desk, and, when I stood before him, fixed his penetrating black eyes full on my face for some half minute. Then, seeing that my own gaze did not falter, he cried in savage tones;

"You will confess everything immediately, to the last iota. Your fellow conspirator has done so already. You will tell me the entire story of your infamous treachery and what Power induced your lover to steal the document."

I am not hot-tempered. For a moment I was dazed at his brutality. But at this insolent assumption of my guilt, combined, as it was, with the utmost insolence of bearing, I lost all self-control. I took a single step forward and did a thing that I have never done before or since. I boxed his ears—twice!

Before he had recovered speech the officials of the court rushed forward; they would have manacled me, but suddenly and swiftly the officer who had conducted me to the office interposed.

"Well done, Mademoiselle," he cried. "Back, all of you." He turned to the magistrate. "This is a military case," he cried, "and let me remind you that you are an accessory only. This lady shall not be insulted, or I withdraw the case from your hands."

There was a full half minute's silence. Then, swallowing in his throat and muttering angrily the magistrate called upon the banker and began to interrogate him, one side of his face still scarlet with my finger marks.

"Mr. Magniff, you will please place me in possession of sufficient facts to permit of my signing the paper of detention," he stammered.

The banker stepped forward briskly.

"This woman came to me three weeks ago to demand possession of certain bonds which she alleged were in a certain safe in my vaults," he said. "I laughed at her and showed her to the door, but she persisted in her claim, and, after having warned her what the consequences of a fraudulent claim would be I permitted her to proceed."

"Prisoner, you may deny any or all of these statements," shouted the magistrate.

I remained silent, fixing my eyes on Magniff. My direct gaze seemed to disconcert him; he turned his back on me and contiuned:

"By some means she had obtained knowledge of the combination code. Again I warned her. She persisted in her claim, alleging that she was Anne Ives, a granddaughter of the Comte d'Yves, and owner of the bonds. My books show that a certain woman of this name actually does own some worthless bonds in the old Panama company, but they have been lost these thirty years and are certainly not in my safe.

"She alleged that she had lost the key. Resolved to bring her to justice, I told her to return to-day, when a duplicate key would be made and the safe opened. Then, I said, playing upon her greed, I would purchase the bonds from her at an enormous price. Immediately upon her departure I had the safe opened. It was empty."

"Proceed, Monsieur," said the magistrate, smiling.

"I immediately investigated this woman's record," Magniff continued. "I found that she had actually come from Canada recently, as one of my woman witnesses will shortly show. In London she became acquainted with the prisoner d'Yves. They flew together in an aeroplane at an aviation

meeting. Subsequently the traitor took her into Westminster Abbey at the time of the coronation, ostensibly as his wife.

"The most damaging feature, however, in my opinion, is,—"

"Pardon, Monsieur, you may not draw inferences," interposed the magistrate suavely. "That is my province, though doubtless"——he smiled knowingly——" your inferences and mine will coincide in so clear a case of guilt."

"I furthermore submit," Magniff continued, "that this woman has stayed at Clichy, the home of the male prisoner, during the last two weeks, and is doubtless thoroughly conversant with his plans. On board the ship, and subsequently, while visiting the Louvre, ostensibly for the study of art, she was seen in the company of a certain Greek named Zeuxis, who, as you are aware, is being sought by the Government as being directly implicated in this crime. Undoubtedly the two men and the woman hatched the scheme together and are unitedly responsible for it."

"I thank you, Monsieur," said the magistrate. "You have rendered France a service of incalculable value. Please conclude your evidence."

"This morning, or rather soon after noon," concluded Magniff, smiling broadly, "the two prisoners came to my office with the utmost effrontery, for the purpose of recovering the bonds. I knew that at some recent date some forged bonds had been placed in the safe. With them, but so cunningly hidden among the mass of papers that no casual observer would have perceived it, was the stolen document. I knew it was there; I suffered this woman to remove it, and she was immediately arrested. She trembled and betrayed every evidence of guilt."

"You may go, Monsieur," said the magistrate, bowing to Magniff. Immediately the two officials were called and gave formal evidence concerning the events of that afternoon.

"Have you any rejoinder to make?" demanded the magistrate, scowling at me.

"I think, Monsieur, that I have made you a rejoinder already," I answered mockingly.

"I have no more to say to you. But to this gentleman," I continued, turning to the major, "I beg to announce that I am completely innocent. I do not know," I continued, with increasing agitation which, in spite of all my efforts, I was not able wholly to conceal, "I do not quite know what depths of villainy have been sounded in this infamous conspiracy against the Chevalier d'Yves and myself. But he is innocent, and pursued by that rogue and his scheming son to further their hateful designs against Clichy, which they hope to snatch out of my grandfather's possession.——"

"The prisoner, in response, alleges conspiracy to obtain a title to land," murmured the magistrate, jotting down a few words upon his pad.

"My principal female witness will arrive tomorrow morning," interposed Magniff, "when I hope to be able to place you in possession of the remaining facts."

"Remanded in bail of the amount of one hundred thousand francs," said that functionary. "Remove the prisoner." He leaned over his bench, and shook his finger at me. "Once more I counsel you," he roared. "Make a clean breast of the whole affair and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court."

The officer of the fortress interposed, turning his back upon M. Pichon contemptuously, and touched me on the arm. I placed my hand in his, and he conducted me from the court room. When we had reached my room he stopped and said, admiringly;

"Mademoiselle, you are so brave I quite believe you guilty."

"You did not before?" I asked, smiling.

"Before," he answered, "the charge seemed incredible. Why, you should have been across the frontier instantly instead of waiting to trick Magniff in such a clumsy fashion as that. Did the Germans pay your lover well?"

"Believe what you like, I am innocent. "As innocent as—as the Chevalier," I added.

"I can well believe that," said the officer, bowing himself out of the room.

One problem perplexed me greatly:

who was the "principal female witness" of the prosecution?

CHAPTER VIII.

[illegible] OF THE WHEEL.

In which my adversary discovers that he has trumped his ace.

In spite of my assumed indifference, I spent a miserable night within the prison fortress. I could not help realizing that the case against Charles looked black; I had no strong faith in French justice particularly in a case of alleged espionage, which would send up the nation's anger to the boiling point. When the first streaks of daylight entered my room I arose and dressed with feverish anticipation of the day's developments. The "principal female witness" of whom the banker Magniff had spoken was due to arrive that morning. Whoever she might be, I hoped that her evidence would prove a boomerang for the prosecution. Certainly the climax of the affair must be at hand; this racking, torturing suspense could not endure much longer.

My only joy—but how great a one, how strong a comfort I cannot put into words—was the recollection that Charles and I had publicly pledged our troth; nothing could take away the memory of that or tear from either the possession of the other's heart, no matter what the outcome.

The development was even speedier than I had imagined. After I had breakfasted upon a light meal brought in by the same kindly officer of the preceding day, visitors were announced. The major, who had introduced them, withdrew, muttering something about privacy, and there entered—Magniff himself, followed by a woman whom, though her face seemed familiar, I did not immediately recall. Indeed, I hardly looked at her, so astonished was I at seeing the change which the night had wrought upon the banker. For all his self-confidence was gone; his hair was ruffled, his garments untidy, his face woebegone and haggard; he looked as though he was upon the verge of a nervous breakdown.

"Do you know this woman?" he asked me, indicating his companion, without even the formality of a greeting.

I looked hard at the shabby, middle-aged figure in the threadbare gown, and suddenly my memory rushed back to me.

"Madame Zeuxis!" I cried.

The recognition was mutual. The woman rushed forward, laboring under an emotion more intense than the banker's. She seized my hands in hers and covered them with kisses. This outburst astonished me no less than her companion.

"It is Miss Ives!" she cried. "The lady of the ship! I learned your name from the ship steward, lady, for I meant to go to you and kill you. Ah! forgive me. I was mad with jealousy, for my man had made me think he loved you, and all the while he used you as a decoy to divert my suspicions, while he made love to another."

She sprang back and, with arms upraised, poured forth an incomprehensible outflow of maledictions.

"Now I will tell you all," she cried to Magniff; and there was pathos mingled with tragedy in this revival of ancient fires in the middle-aged Greek; I could imagine how many sorrows, how much jealousy she had suffered since she gave herself into the scoundrel's keeping. Her utterance was intensely dramatic

"Now I shall tell all the truth," she declaimed. "When the letter-writer wrote these for me, saying that I would prove the guilt of the Chevalier, I did not know that Miss Ives here was his betrothed. For you are betrothed to him, are you not?" she pleaded. "Yes, so all are saying this morning. Well, my man was to induce me to give false evidence against him, and it was all arranged. But that was a week ago.

"Now everything is changed, for he himself has been deceived, and he wants his revenge. When I left him five days ago, I was to tell the half truth. But I shall tell everything. The Chevalier is innocent—as innocent as this lady of his imprisoned here."

She was becoming incoherent in her statements. I made her sit down and gave her water, Presently she resumed, more calmly.

"Constantinopoulo Zeuxis, my man,

he stole the key to the safe from the purse of Miss Ives in London," she continued. "It was arranged long before. He took the key to Paris, removed the bonds, and substituted the forged ones. He also stole the treaty from the Chevalier and handed it to the chief conspirator. He was to have received a thousand pounds for his share in the work."

"Who was his accomplice?" I asked calmly; and I saw a shade of gray pass over the banker's face.

"Leopold Magniff—your son," said Madame Zeuxis contemptuously, spinning round and facing the father.

Magniff, *pere*, threw up his arms as though to ward off a sudden blow. He sank down into a chair, his face ashen gray, breathing heavily.

"It is impossible!" he muttered, more to himself than us. "Leopold was a good boy—a little wild, but always a good boy. He had all the money he needed. No, he could not have been the traitor."

I took up the part of the cross-examiner.

"Why was the treaty put back in the safe if it was of so much value?" I asked the woman.

"Because Leopold's hatred for the Chevalier was stronger than his desire for revenge," she answered quickly. "He wanted the bonds, because he knew that he could force his father to buy them back from him at any price, by threatening to dispose of them elsewhere. Monsieur Magniff here had to have the bonds; he had agreed to sell them to the American government years before; he had sold them, trusting that they would never be found. The holder could have made him pay millions for the possession of them. And there was money in the treaty, too. Germany or Italy would have paid well for it—not so much as M. Magniff would have given for the bonds but still a large sum. Of this my man Constantinopoulo was to have received a thousand pounds."

"Go on," I said.

"Afterwards, when Leopold Magniff discovered that the Chevalier was his bitterest enemy, his desire for revenge proved stronger than his greed. He induced my man to replace the stolen treaty in the safe, knowing that it would be discovered there, and that Miss Ives and the Chevalier would be involved in a common ruin. So the treaty was not sold, and my man gets nothing.

"When he found that he had been cheated he would have murdered his confederate. But Monsieur Leopold set the government upon his track, and he was forced to fly, his vengeance unaccomplished. It was then that my man sent to Monsieur Magniff here to betray his confederate.

"But I shall tell more than that—I shall tell you where Constantinopoulo is hiding, for I have since learned that he has again betrayed me He has made love to another woman, the woman on the boat, to conceal whom he pretended that he loved Miss Ives. Fool that I was! I should have known that he was not worthy to blacken her shoes. He is hiding with her in the Islands—at Scouto, off Corsica—and all those whom he has betrayed shall soon be on his track."

She ceased, exhausted by the vehemence of her anger. And I looked toward the banker. He had collapsed into his chair and was staring wildly around him. I caught the words he uttered.

"No, no," he was whispering. "Leopold is a good boy. He could not be a thief and a traitor."

I went over and shook him by the arm.

"Monsieur Magniff," I said, "you see now that you have been mistaken. It is your duty to save an innocent man."

"But there is nothing that can be done," he cried, awakening from his lethargy.

"Yes," I replied. "We must get Zeuxis and bring him here to testify. He will tell all, out of his hatred for"—I was going to add "your son," but ended with "his fellow conspirator."

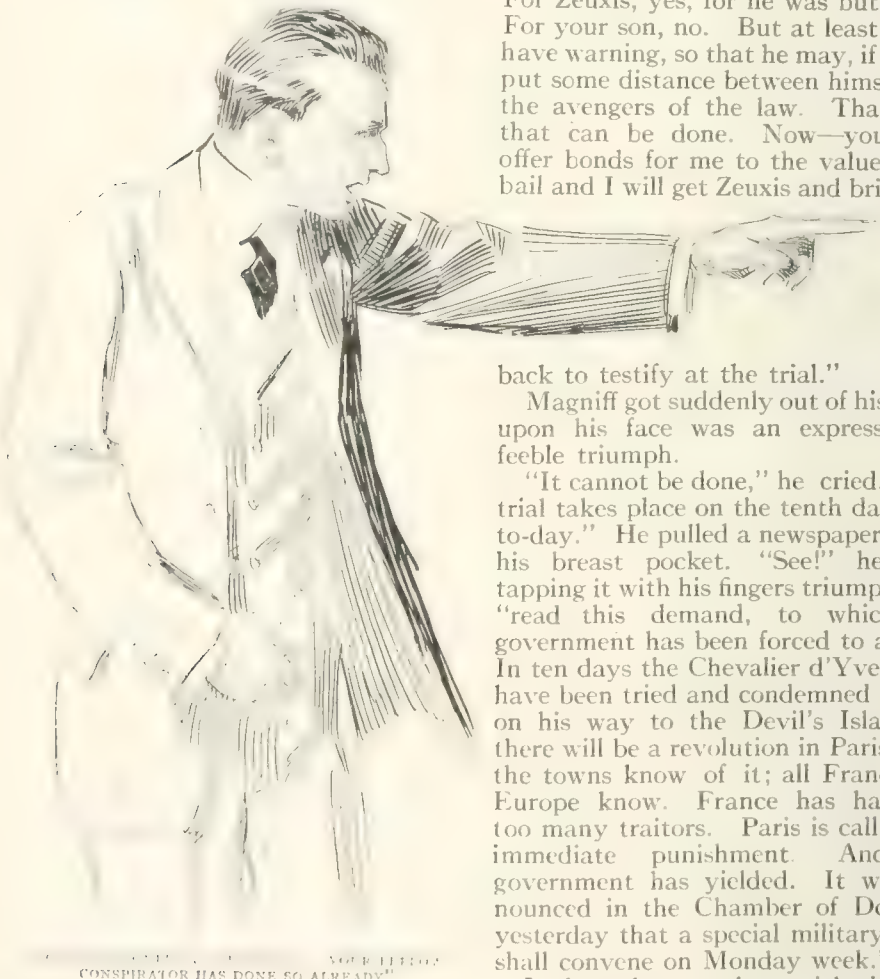
"But my son will suffer imprisonment—he will go to the Devil's Island!" Magniff cried. "He is a good boy—it cannot be true."

"It is true," I answered sternly. "He must be brought back."

"And the bonds, too," cried the woman suddenly.

"He took them with him. He must get the bonds also—your bonds. They are worth millions. He took them to spite your son, Leopold."

"My bonds," muttered Magniff, remembering even then that I had sold



CONSPIRATOR HAS DONE SO ALREADY"

them to him. "My bonds. I must have them."

"Will you permit your son to be denounced for the sake of the bonds?" I asked.

"No, no," he cried. "No, he must have promise of immunity. Then he will tell all. But he must not go to the Devil's Island. Leopold is so delicate; the climate would kill him there."

The sight of this querulous old man, reduced to such depths of abjection, touched a slight chord of pity in my heart. But at all cost Charles must be set free. That was my first and overwhelming duty.

"Listen, Monsieur Magniff," I said, more gently. "It will be impossible to obtain immunity for both conspirators. For Zeuxis, yes, for he was but a tool. For your son, no. But at least he can have warning, so that he may, if he can, put some distance between himself and the avengers of the law. That is all that can be done. Now—you must offer bonds for me to the value of my bail and I will get Zeuxis and bring him back to testify at the trial."

Magniff got suddenly out of his chair; upon his face was an expression of feeble triumph.

"It cannot be done," he cried. "The trial takes place on the tenth day from to-day." He pulled a newspaper out of his breast pocket. "See!" he said, tapping it with his fingers triumphantly "read this demand, to which the government has been forced to accede. In ten days the Chevalier d'Yves must have been tried and condemned and be on his way to the Devil's Island, or there will be a revolution in Paris. All the towns know of it; all France and Europe know. France has harbored too many traitors. Paris is calling for immediate punishment. And the government has yielded. It was announced in the Chamber of Deputies yesterday that a special military court shall convene on Monday week."

I glanced over the article hastily. It was a terrific philippic, one of those furious cries for vengeance such as stirred the hearts of Parisians. That Charles was of the old aristocracy of France had added fuel to the popular flame. He must be tried at once, the writer demanded; otherwise the government would fall. There must be no delay in measuring out condign punishment to the traitor.

"You see," cried Magniff, "you can-

not get the man Zeuxis here from the island of Corsica in less than three weeks. There is but one steamer a week from Marseilles. And in ten days!—Mon Dieu! Nothing except a swift aeroplane could cross those waters and bring him back in time."

I caught at his words with mad eagerness.

"It shall be done," I cried. "I shall go to Corsica in the Chevalier's air-ship. And in ten days I shall return with Zeuxis."

"You are insane, girl," cried the banker angrily. "The science of flight is in its infancy. Even if you reached Marseilles you would be swamped in the gales of the Mediterranean. No," he continued craftily, "we can devise some scheme by which the Chevalier shall get off lightly. We will hint at temptation. I will give evidence as to his monetary needs. I will say he needed the money from the sale of the treaty to save Clichy for his father. That will touch the judges' hearts, that filial piety. And you shall be freed. I will withdraw my charge," he went on, watching my face eagerly. "And I will pay you fifty thousand francs I promised you, even if you do not obtain the bonds. You will be rich, you will—"

I could not feel any sentiment but pity at the aspect of this miserable old man, desperately striving to free himself from the meshes of his own net.

"Monsieur Magniff," I said quietly, "you will go on my bail at once and I shall depart for the Liparis. Otherwise your son shall be arrested within an hour. Which shall it be?"

He fell to pleading then; he offered me double the reward, fabulous gifts. His love for his son seemed stronger than his cupidity. At last he was compelled to face the issue.

"You swear to give the government no warning about Leopold before your departure?" he asked, cringing before me. "You will allow him the six days in which to flee?"

"He can go to the ends of the earth for all I care," I responded. "I do not want vengeance upon him, miserable scoundrel that he is. Leave him to the future. Some day his evil deeds will recoil on him. Come, you agree?"

FOR A MOMENT I WAS DAZED AT THE [illegible] AND HE IN[illegible] ASSUMPTION OF MY GUILT

Magniff drew in a deep sigh and submitted.

"I accept," he answered. "But, Mademoiselle, you will remember that the bonds are mine?"

"Assuredly," I answered.

He stumbled weakly from my presence and out of the room. The woman seized my hands again and kissed them passionately.

"At Scouto, off the coast of Corsica," she whispered. "He will go with you eagerly, if he is promised immunity."

"And what is your reward?" I asked curiously.

The woman looked at me strangely.

"Is it not enough that I shall see my man again and win him from that woman who stole his heart from me?" she asked, with pathetic dignity. "You do not understand, lady? Ah, but when you are married—then you will know."

She followed Magniff out of the room.

Within an hour my bail had been formally accepted and I was at liberty. Magniff obtained a hasty interview with the Minister of War, at which immunity for Zeuxis was promised, in case he should offer satisfactory evidence against the principal conspirator, whose name the banker did not divulge. Magniff was a power in France, and his word was ample.

The sun was not yet high when I walked out of my prison doors. I had seen nobody; the magic of Magniff's word had sufficed to set me free. After all, though so much had been done, the government had no special interest in me. They were sure that they had in Charles the real traitor; I was but an accessory, and they shrewdly surmised, I think, that I was to turn state evidence and bring the rest of the confederates to justice.

The trial had been set for Monday week, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. This was Friday. Each hour now was of incalculable value. The scheme appeared preposterous. But I had flown in Canada, until I was fairly sure of myself, and with Charles I had soared triumphantly in his aeroplane in England, seeking the regions of the sun, high above our competitors, we two together. I knew how staunch and true the winged vessel was; I knew which levers controlled each of her movements; and at Clichy we had made several excursions. I had a confidence now that was almost superstition in the success of my desperate undertaking.

Would that I could have told him! But he was too closely guarded; even Magniff, with all his power, had been denied admission to him.

I caught a train back to Clichy, arriving toward the middle of the afternoon. It was a sad home-coming. A curious crowd watched me descend at the little railroad station, and a newspaper correspondent (I learned afterward that my movements had been watched by a whole corps of newspaper men and government spies since I left the fortress) snapped his camera in my face. But one learns to be tolerant of these things when one's whole mind is set upon a single desire.

The crowd followed me to the gates of the chateau. Only there did they leave me.

And then, for the second time, I received an object lesson in the bearing of a French nobleman and noblewoman. The old butler who admitted me stared at me as if I had been a newly risen ghost, and his knees trembled as he ushered me into the room in which my grandfather and Charles's mother sat. She was sewing busily; the old man, at his writing desk, was drafting some form of document, a pitiful, dignified petition, I believe, to the government on behalf of Charles, setting forth the stainless honor of their race throughout five centuries. But when I entered they rose and came forward to greet me as calmly as though Charles was absent upon a personal errand in Paris and were soon to return.

And their first words were of congratulation upon my engagement! The papers had been full of it, it appeared. The notary before whom we had appeared, swelling with self-importance, had run with his evidence to the government.

THE ABSORPTION OF FAMILIES LIKE THIS, IN THE LAST FEW YEARS, HAS KEPT THE CENSUS TAKERS AT OTTAWA BUSY SPECULATING ON THEIR PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE CENSUS WHICH HAS JUST BEEN MADE PUBLIC

Canada and the Census

By Hubert McBean Johnston

Illustrated with Photographs

A CENTURY ago when John Jacob Astor and his sons were beginning to get on their feet in the United States and commencing to acquire the New York real estate which has since increased so enormously in value, their friends and neighbors doubtless questioned the wisdom of their course Indeed, to question anything short of an absolute surety is only human nature. To-day, however, any one of the millions of Americans would jump at the chance of following their example—could the same lands but be bought at the same prices.

Yet, could some powerful Magician wave a magic wand and transfer a few hundred of us back a century to the days when Manhattan was young and New York had but 9,356 people, how many of the few hundred do you think would agree with the Astors provided they knew nothing of what the future was to bring forth? And how many, do you think would agree with the Astors' critics? You can answer those questions yourself; I cannot.

The situation is by no means confined to real estate, however; it is the same in many other lines of business. The wonderful growth of the United States has been so productive of results for those who, in early days, invested even small capital and stood by their investments, that in cases too numerous to mention, the annual dividends to-day many times exceed the original investment.

There are hundreds of commercial houses in the United States that were founded from fifty to one hundred years ago. Some of them are immense institutions and do enormous business; yet, how much bigger even the greatest of these houses might be to-day, had their founders only realized the future of their country. Had this wonderful thought been realized and kept in mind, each of these concerns might, to-day, control the business in its particular line.

The same Opportunity—with a capital O—does exist to-day.

According to the recently completed Dominion Census, Canada has now a population of 7,100,000 in round numbers. According to the Third Federal Census of the United States taken in 1810—say just a century ago—the population was 7,239,881—within a hundred thousand people of what Canada has to-day.

Yet the relative situations are vastly different. In 1810, the greatest city in the United States was Albany, N.Y., with 96,375 people; Philadelphia, Pa., came next with 91,874 inhabitants and from these two, there was a long drop down to Baltimore, Md., with its 35,583. Even New York, to-day the second greatest city on the whole globe, had only a little over nine thousand inhabitants a hundred years ago.

In 1810, the whole population of the United States was a mere fringe along the Atlantic seaboard—unless, indeed, one is disposed to quibble about New Orleans with its 17,242 people on the Gulf of Mexico, cut off from the rest of civilization by a vast, unbroken wilderness. The most western city claiming any pretence of population was Cincinnati, O., with its 2,540 wilderness breakers. What pioneers they must have been! Chicago was undreamed of; St. Louis, Denver, Seattle and San Francisco were virgin forest and swamp lands unknown to the foot of civilized man.

While Canada—so far as population is concerned,—is to-day in the same position as the United States was a hundred years ago, the possibilities of the Dominion are very much greater. Let us forget the fact that the area of Canada is much greater than that of the States; much of the Dominion is unexplored and we really do not know what it amounts to. Let's concede a point, if you will, and call the two countries, roughly, equal in size. But let us remember that the development of the Dominion has already reached a point that was not even in sight in the United States at a similar period in its history. In 1810, the United States had not a Montreal, a Toronto, a Winnipeg or even a Vancouver in size; it had no trans-Atlantic steamship lines bringing in whole floods of immigrants; it had no trans-continental railroads to distribute these immigrants where they were most needed—even if they had come; it had no telephone nor telegraph systems to help open up the country by bringing it into close touch with the world—it had few, indeed, of the civilizing influences that make the position of a pioneer desirable or even livable. There was no string of towns of anywhere from five to fifty thousand dotting the country from coast to coast. There was no great development of natural resources as there now is in Canada—no steady stream of commerce flowing across the continent.

Lord Strathcona, Canada's High Commissioner in London, predicts a population of eighty millions of people for the Dominion by 2,000 A. D. James J. Hill of the Great Northern, allows Canada fifty years in which to gain a total of fifty million. Just let us see about these prophecies. Since we have had the problem worked out for us just across the border, let us take a look at the figures offered; we will run over the population growth of the United States. Here is how the figures read:

Year.	Population.	Increase.	Percentage of Increase.
1810	7,239,881		
1820	9,634,453	2,398,572	33.1
1830	12,866,020	3,227,567	33.5
1840	17 069,453	4,203,433	32.7
1850	23,191,876	6,122,423	35.9
1860	31,443,321	8,251,445	35.6
1870	38,558,371	7,115,050	22.6
1880	50,155,783	11,597,412	30.1
1890	62,947,714	12,791,931	25.5
1900	75,994,575	13,046,861	20.7
1910	91,972,266	15,977,691	21.0

Stop and go over those figures again advancing the year one century each time. There you have an idea of the very least Canada should do. Consider with this, how much greater are her developments to-day than were those of the United States a hundred years ago and you will be able to estimate the possibilities for yourself. Do you think Lord Strathcona or Mr. Hill have overestimated?

The difficulty with the average Canadian to-day is, that he does not fully see the possibilities of his country—or, if he does see them, he does not fully realize them. To the American of the present generation, accustomed to thinking of population in figures of ninety millions, Canada's small handful of people seems very insignificant. Her potentialities are overlooked; the fact that one dollar will to-day accomplish the same work that it will take ten dollars to do a couple of decades hence, is forgotten. The Canadian, unable to look back with his own eyes on what the United States has done, and reading the past history of that country only in mere words and figures, does not fully grasp that which lies before him.

TRANSATLANTIC LINER BRINGS ITS QUOTA OF PROSPECTIVE CANADIANS
NOVEMBER FIR

Canada has the area and the natural resources; all she needs is people. Canada's area, a full third of the whole British Empire, is larger by 111,992 square miles than the whole United States with Alaska thrown in. Her three northern districts of Mackenzie, Ungava and Keewatin are larger than the great Chinese empire, swarming with its brown-skinned millions. Indeed, Canada hardly knows what she has in her north country; yet, surely, a million square miles of practically unexplored country must contain great opportunities for someone.

Throughout the whole world, Canada is becoming known as a wonderful wheat producing country. How wonderful she really is, people do not realize: the surface has merely been skimmed. The Province of Alberta alone—a single province as large as the whole country of France—produces an average of twenty three bushels of wheat per acre. Yet, out of a total of

120,000,000 acres of exceptionally fertile agricultural land, but a mere pittance is under cultivation—only some 1,212,644 acres.

Saskatchewan, her next door neighbor, approximately the same size, has only 6,888,100 acres or a little over 7.9 per cent. of her total arable acreage under cultivation. Even the famous Manitoba, the first province to give the world any idea of how good No. 1 Hard really is, has out of her total of 41,169,089 fertile acres, over 25,000,000 acres of land still unoccupied !

Canada's production of wheat, wonderful as it is, has barely begun. On the average, for the five years ending with 1908, the Dominion produced 106,000,000 bushels of wheat per year. (It is only fair to state, however, that had the productions of 1909 and 1910 been taken into consideration, Canada's average would have been 122,000,000 bushels, or an increase of 16,000,000 on the average—which merely shows how rapidly the production is increasing.) During the same period, the United States produced 656,000,000 bushels per year; Russia, 513,000,000 bushels; France, 329,000,000 bushels; British India, 362,000,000; the Argentine Republic, 153,000,000 bushels and other countries lesser quantities. Most of these other countries are nearing the limit of their productiveness which Canada has just begun.

Now, consider another factor in the development of Canada—a factor that was not present in the United States a century ago, nor indeed, for many years later. Just think of the astounding fact that Canada has three transcontinental railroads and consider what that means in the development of a country. Canada stands first among the nations in transportation facilities in proportion to population; she has one mile of railway to every three hundred people! In the last twenty years, the railway mileage of the Dominion has just doubled—and in the next ten, it is expected to double again.

Some idea of the extent of railroad building in Canada within recent years may be gathered from the fact that in 1901, the Province of Saskatchewan had 1,099 miles of railroad and in 1909 it had 3,440 miles—an increase of 250 per cent. in eight years. Again, at the beginning of 1910, Alberta had 1,800 miles of railroad and the provincial government guaranteed that this would be doubled within two years

It is unnecessary to comment on the bearing railroads have had on the development of the country. As one statesman put it in speaking of our trans-continental lines: "The map of Canada has been rolled back a thousand miles!" Where a quarter of a century ago Canada's first trans-continental was denounced as a scheme to rob the people of their savings, the cry goes up to-day from both east and west, "Give us more railroads!" The people have awakened to the possibilities of the twin lines of steel as the great forerunner of civilization. To-day, the home-seeker in almost any part of Canada can roll luxuriously to his destination in a palace car; and when he starts to raise grain or other products and is ready to ship them to market, he can have a freight car come almost to his own door to carry his produce to where it is most needed and where it will command the highest prices.

If the United States had had such transportation facilities a hundred years ago, do you think they would be a nation of only some ninety odd million people to-day?

The facts of Canada's marvellous fertility have become known to the world. The man who, a decade ago, knew Canada only as "Our Lady of the Snows", to-day knows of the roses that bloom at Christmas in Vancouver. And with its new knowledge, the world has also learned of our excellent transportation facilities. You ask me how I know that? The facts are patent in Canada's immigration records. Where in '96-7, a total of 21,716 foreigners sought our friendly shores, the year '09-10 saw an influx of 208,794 new citizens—just ten times as many. More, the number is steadily increasing year by year.

Canada's immigration for 1910 is said to be the most extraordinary ever known in the whole history of the world. This applied to both quantity and quality. Sixty-four nationalities were

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT CANADA PRODUCES [illegible]
RICH BLACK LOAM OF THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES WILL GROW CROPS LIKE THESE—PUMPKINS, SQUASH, CITRON, MELONS, CUCUMBERS, RIPE TOMATOES, CAULIFLOWER, CORN, ONIONS, BEETS, TURNIPS AND CELERY

represented and of the whole number, almost half—100,337,—were of the farming class. Of the balance, 31,120 were mechanics, over 12,000 were clerks and traders, 6,000 were miners and the balance were unclassified. Of the total number, for the year ending March 31st, 1910, 103,798 immigrants came from the United States to help till Canada's fertile acres; of these, the Dominion homesteaded forty-two out of every hundred. She also homesteaded 32 per cent. of her continental immigrants and 22 per cent. each of both English and Scotch.

In the last thirteen years, Canada's total immigration has equalled one fifth of her entire present population. Of these, 40 per cent. have been British subjects before they came in; 32 1-2 per cent. have been from the United States and 27 1-2 per cent. have been non-Anglo-Saxon.

Nor is it only in point of population that these new immigrants are a source of strength to the Dominion. They bring a great deal of money with them. The wealth taken into Canada in 1910 by United States immigrants alone, would build a fleet of twenty Dreadnoughts or a trans-continental railway. Yet even such an immense sum as this is a mere nothing compared to the vast wealth they create in their new homes.

Tell me, is there any reason why Canada should not grow far faster than the United States has grown? She has all the odds in her favor. She has the great fertile areas of farm land which constitute the real backbone of any country and already thousands of farmers have jumped at the opportunity to share in the greatest consecutive wheat field in the whole world—a wheat field three hundred miles wide by nine hundred miles long. In 1909, her 575,000 farmers produced field crops with a value of $532,992,100—and the world has heard about it.

Apart from the mere sordid aspect of greater profits, Canada offers a home life and educational opportunities un-

equalled anywhere on the globe. Think of living in a country that consumes more paper per head of population than any other country in the world! Someone has said that a nation's civilization is best judged by its consumption of paper; the truth of this statement is borne out in the educational statistics of the Dominion. Just as one single example, it might be mentioned that out of a total of one hundred and eighty Rhodes scholars at Oxford, one hundred and twenty-four are from Canada.

But to go further is rather futile. It is possible here only to skim over the surface of things; to tell everything would require volumes My idea has been to show rather what the possibilities of the Dominion are for the future than to illustrate what a big country Canada already is. If I have touched on what Canada already has, it has only been to demonstrate the solid foundations that lie ready for the builder. On Canada's mines, timber lands, fisheries and other great natural resources, it is unnecessary to comment. Their solidity is best vouched for in the one simple fact that out of the unprecedented figure of one hundred and eighty-eight million pounds sterling loaned through London in 1910, more than forty million pounds or roughly, two hundred million dollars came to Canada. Such figures indicate pretty clearly the estimation in which the assets of the Dominion are held by financiers.

Canada has grown slowly up to the present—so slowly, in fact, that there have been times in her history when it actually looked as though she were standing still. Possibly, indeed, she has stood still at times; but in those dull periods, she has had a chance to study the achievements and the failures of other nations. And while she was marking time, she did study them; today, with the command, "Forward!" ringing in her ears, she is profiting by what she has learned.

To-day, the Dominion stands on the threshold of a wonderful development such as has not yet been seen in the history of nations. She affords opportunities fully as great, if indeed, not very much greater than were afforded by the United States a century ago and by many other countries far longer ago than that. The twentieth century unquestionably belongs to Canada.

THE KISS

BY FLORENCE KINGSLEY

I HATE you!
When you kiss me
My lips are hot and dry,
And my bosom throbs and hurts me.
And I don't know why.
I want my lips all moist and cool—
I want to think you are the fool.
Instead I cry
I hate you.
When you kiss me
I loathe the thrill of fear
That seems to overwhelm me
When I know you're near.
I want to think I am above you,
You seem to think that I must love you.
Please—kiss me dear.

Comrades

By Arthur James Smith

With Drawings by F. M. Grant

SHE turned her head ever so slightly and flickered over her bare shoulder a glance provocative, alluring, practised. The man at the next table caught it, and lifted his glass with a laugh.

It was New Year's Eve. The old year was almost gone. Here in the big restaurant a delicious confusion of the senses was cunningly devised. Lights shrewdly placed redoubled themselves in mirrors, confetti were scattered underfoot of the scurrying waiters, champagne bubbled in amber fire, ivory shoulders leaned forward, and above the scarlet coats of the orchestra a girl was singing something with a swing to it, something to make you forget, if your glass and the look in the long eyes across from you hadn't turned the trick. And scarlet and green of salad, gay gowns, flashing silver, and glowing ruby of burgundy were doubled and redoubled in the panelled mirrors until no man could tell whether what he beheld was real, or a sparkling lie.

Occasionally the swinging doors were opened and a laughing, fur-muffled crowd came gaily in to join the revellers; occasionally a group at one of the tables gathered up their party-colored trifles and carried their frolic elsewhere, with an impudent toot of a tin horn. Outside, the whole city was abroad in the feathery snow, laughing, rollicking, throwing streamers of colored paper, wearing extravagant costumes, blowing horns, singing, tearing the last fragment of the old year to tatters. To-morrow good resolutions might be written, fresh white leaves turned, heads might ache and virtue follow, but to-night was theirs, and they were making the most of it. The taxis skidded through the slush, and wary pedestrians hovered on isles of safety before they made a dash for the opposite sidewalk.

The girl who had looked over her shoulder in the restaurant was now with the man who had laughed, and the delicate white flakes falling through the still air starred her ink-black furs with fairy crystals. As their taxi passed under the glare of an electric sign she laughed, showing a mouthful of white teeth and a dainty pink tongue. Then the sign winked out, and blackness swallowed her.

The feathery crystals fell also upon the darkness of the ragged firs that night, and powdered softly down upon the roof of a rough cabin on a British Columbia mountain-side.

John Vincent, seated by the fire, rapped his pipe sharply upon the rough mortar of the chimney-place and, rising impatiently to his feet, flung open the cabin door. Under its white blanket the whole landscape looked like the ghost of a dead mountain-side, grey, vague, lighted by neither moon nor star, but only by the faint reflec-

tions of the snow. Down the slope from the cabin a little stream pushed its way through the soft slush, and the faint gurgle and drop of it were plainly audible in the stillness. Vincent stared across the valley with disfavor.

"Hell!" he exploded suddenly. "Two thousand miles from a decent drink!" Sharply he shut the door again and resumed his brooding before the fire.

The legion that never was listed owned John Vincent, trapper by present profession, jack of all trades, and man of the world. As he sat by the rude fireplace the light picked out his well-cut features, touching broad brow, strongly-modelled nose, and firm-shut mouth; touching, too, the bold, deliberate eyes with their narrow pupils, and the wide jaw that projected at the angles, and looked like a steel trap. He seemed a man who would have been perfectly at ease under any circumstances or in any situation, and bore upon him the ineffaceable stamp of birth and breeding which consorted strangely enough with his rough trapper's clothes, and the fact that he sat here, apparently at home, waiting for somebody.

COVERED THE TREASURE

He had risen for the third time to pace the cabin impatiently when across the darkness came a shout, evidently not far off. Vincent sprang to the door and went out into the snow to meet a figure, bent under a pack, that hurried along towards the light and warmth of the cabin.

"What luck, Tom?" he called cheerily. But the bent figure did not reply until it was within the circle of firelight, and Vincent saw that the other man was laboring under some suppressed excitement. It was not the value of his haul from the traps he had been visiting, for he had only a couple of small skins at his belt. Vincent shook him by the shoulder, catching something of the contagion.

"What's happened, Tom? What is it?" he demanded eagerly.

The other man threw down his pack upon the rickety table, which shook under the weight, unrolled the outer covering of it, and flung it back.

"Look at that!" he cried exultantly. "Beats trappin' skunks—what?"

Vincent drew in his breath with a sharp hiss. There in the firelight lay a huge nugget of virgin gold, the largest he had ever seen, while fully a score of smaller lumps rolled about it. They gleamed dully in the light of the fire, and the men, as though held transfixed, gazed and gazed in silence at the treasure before them.

Vincent was the first to recover himself, with a stealthy, sidelong glance at the other man.

"You'll want some supper," he suggested with an effort. "Gold in the raw state doesn't fill a man's stomach. Have a long march home?"

"Why, from——" began the other, and then, suddenly warned by some subtle influence in the air, he cut himself short. "No, not far," he amended. "But that load was some heavy to pack."

Without further speech he busied himself preparing tea and frying bacon, pushing one corner of the pack-cloth away to make room for his tin plate. Vincent watched him narrowly. Over the faces of both had come a queer change. Vincent had lost some of his air of refinement, Tom the frank exultation with which he had at first flung down his treasure. Steadily and inexorably, although neither fully realized it, the madness that possesses men when the gold fever gets them was burning in their veins. With it, sub-consciously, came the unreasoning hatred of men who have long been alone with each other in the solitudes, and which, when it flares into flame, brings red tragedy in its train. And Tom, as he ate, likewise watched Vincent, who sat across the table, fondling the gold with a curiously caressing movement. Presently he glanced up with a casual air, although he avoided meeting Tom's eyes directly.

"By the way," he remarked, "where did you say you found this stuff?"

"Near the creek, about a mile up the trail," the other man answered, his eyes betraying suspicion. "It was where that there marten trap was set," he went on, with the air of a man who talks to gain time. "After I'd taken the critter out I climbed on that rock that stands near the trap and began to skin the catch. I'd 'most got the pelt off when my knife slipped and went down in the sand near the bank underneath. Well, I went down after it, and I found I had to move some smaller rocks to get at the thing. I found this"—placing his hand on the big nugget—"right beside the knife, and the others all round it." He stopped, looked away from Vincent, and at the heap of gold as if he were calculating how much less his own share would amount to after he had divided with his partner.

Vincent nodded, and presently asked another question.

"Was there more gold there, or did it look like only a pocket?" he inquired.

"It was a pocket," the other answered sullenly, "an' I cleaned her right out."

"Then this is all there is for both of us?" said Vincent almost inaudibly, and Tom, hearing, watched his partner as a lynx watches a rabbit. When Vincent should sleep—when he should be too soundly asleep to hear—but he refused to think beyond that. At least, he would watch him until they turned in.

HIS PARTNER WAS SELDOM AWAKE, WATCHING HIM

"What'll we do with the stuff to-night?" he asked presently, a little sneer in his voice.

"Why—you're tired. I'll look after it," answered Vincent readily. His partner laughed. The smouldering hatred between them burst for an instant into fla

"Think I'm as big a fool as that?" he inquired harshly. "The gold is mine. Either I take it in my bunk, or we put it somewhere so I can watch it."

Vincent's lips curled in an ugly

smile. "It goes in the cache, then," he said. "That's the only other place."

"That's all right," Tom conceded shortly, and both began to pick up the nuggets eagerly and place them in the wrapping. Their heads almost came together as they bent in their haste over the little table, and once Tom swore savagely as Vincent laid his hand on one of the larger lumps. Then, each grasping jealously the side of the bundle, they carried it to the hiding place, a hollow space beneath the stones of the rude hearth.

It lay at their feet, glowing faintly, even in the dimness of the hole, and Vincent crouched over it, fondling the precious lumps, while Tom stood by, hardly able to keep from leaping forward and wrenching his partner from the gold.

"Come, quit that," he said at last, dropping the heavy covering stone into the socket so roughly that he narrowly missed Vincent's fingers as the latter withdrew them. For a moment he did not rise, but squatted on his haunches, staring into the fire. Then he shook himself and rose, apparently himself again.

"Were you ever on Broadway, Tom?" he inquired, pleasantly enough.

"Nah," growled Tom.

"It's New Year's Eve to-night," Vincent went on, not noticing the interruption. "I was thinking about it before you came. They're raising hell all up and down Broadway to-night. Last year I was in the middle of it—I and little Ernestine Page. Holy George! She was pretty. Only woman I ever saw who could open her mouth and stick her tongue out at you and look pretty while she was doing it. Teeth like a string of pearls and a little pink tongue like a kitten's. I remember her laughing over her champagne-glass and saying that everything you wanted in the world was the color of gold, champagne included. Gold will buy a lot on Broadway—and that's why I quit."

The other man listened as Vincent talked, more to himself than to his partner, and at the end, spat into the fire.

"Aw, hell!" he growled. "Let's turn in."

Without further speech he saw to the fastenings of the door, banked the fire for the night, and removing coat and boots, stretched himself on his bunk. Vincent followed his example, and silence settled down on the cabin, save for an occasional wolf-howl uplifted on the still air, lonely, distant, and strangely menacing.

As the whistles shrieked in faraway New York, and the babel of horns and conches joined with the sirens of steamers, the warning notes of automobiles, and the excited, laughter-threaded voices of women, to welcome the New Year, a new sound was added to those in the mountain cabin. Tom still breathed heavily, and tossed a little from time to time; a stick fell in the fire with a sound of crumbling ash; the timbers of the cabin crackled in the frost—and softly, cautiously, a foot reached over the edge of Vincent's bunk and set itself carefully on the floor.

The firestick that had fallen suddenly flashed into a small flame, and revealed him poised, listening to his partner's breathing, lust in his face, and caution, his cruel eyes fixed on the hearthstone that covered the gold. The tiny flame died down, and still keeping every sense alert for the slightest movement of the sleeper, Vincent, scarcely recognizable with the distortion of greed and hatred upon his face, reached quietly for the stone which concealed the treasure. Slowly he removed it, pausing to listen every second, and at last the yellow lumps lay under his hands. He lifted the metal from the hole lovingly and stealthily, and played with it much as a child would play with a favorite new toy, but without any of the expression of the child in the face that bent over the gold. From time to time, at first, the hands and face were poised into an attitude of intense eagerness for the sounds of the shack, and resumed their play when satisfied that the steady breathing still came from the other bunk. But the eyes failed to notice a tongue of flame that crept gradually along the fallen log, and was fast nearing a pitchy seam in its burning side.

"LOOK AT THAT!" HE CRIED EXULTANTLY. "BEATS TRAPPIN' SKUNKS—"

Of a sudden it licked the gum—a glare of flame shot up, lighting the interior of the shack as though by a powerful incandescent, and Vincent, startled as an animal in the forest is startled, sprang up and instinctively faced towards the other man's bunk. As he did so, something like a snarl burst from his lips, for his partner was sitting upright, wide awake, and seemed to have been watching him all the time.

It was only for a second that they could see each other—to their crazed minds an eternity of hatred—and then the cabin was in darkness once more. But Vincent could hear the other leave his bed, and knew that he was advancing to the firelight. He waited, and, while one hand still lay on the gold, the other felt for and grasped the revolver which he had brought with him into his bunk. By the feeble rays of the dying fire it was not for a moment possible to see this other man who came from the dark—who was led by treasure lust to the heap of gold, and

by enmity to the comrade that kept such guard over it. Then Tom, outlined in the glow, and with his face a ghastly white patch, came close and crouched suddenly on his haunches, as any wild beast might, and over the gold the two men, with the fury of baser animals in their breasts, faced each other. The fire glowed equally for both; the air in the shack filled their lungs equally; but the gold lay between them—unfathomable as a canyon a mile deep—as the eternity which divides life and death—or the gulf of a thousand years. Without it they were themselves, but as they faced each other a venomousness seized them and swept them back over a vast gulf of time and they became as men of a primeval age.

In the darkness behind him the new savage was feeling quietly for the hatchet which was always kept by the hearth, and which he remembered having seen there when they had not the gold—when everything was very different—so very long ago. He found the heavy axe and, raising it high above his head, he sprang at the face and hands before him. As he leaped a shot rang out, and he staggered and crumpled up oddly. But the dead man's force lived for one brief moment in the descending axe, and it crashed down on the other's face; it buried itself deeply in the broad, well-modelled forehead, and the two forms reeled and fell across the lighted space, where each soul slipped off into eternity.

The whistles on Broadway had hardly ceased shrieking, and occasionally still some stray siren uttered a challengingly jovial scream, as who should say, "I'm all right, boys!" when Ernestine Page laughed up into the eyes of the man who had toasted her earlier in the evening, and stuck out her pretty pink tongue.

"If you've got the price, Larry," she said, looking at him sideways out of her long, fringed eyes. "I'm no cheap goods. But anything goes on Broadway, if you have the price."

The man pulled out his diamond tiepin with a boisterous laugh, and tossing it in her satin lap, kissed her on the mouth.

"That goes," he said. "I've got it—for you, little girl."

And in the mountain cabin the two men lay together, their blood trickling into the hot ashes and coals, and making little dark streams on the split log floor—streams that hissed in the heat and ran by the lumps of reddish metal that lay in the light. And it formed a pool that caked about the gold, while outside the light snow still fell, and across the valley the lonely wolf howled.

SUNDOWN

BY ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

THE Pilgrim of the sky has pitched his tent
Beneath the hills that slant to yonder West;
He could no farther fare, his light was spent,
And darkness hard upon his pathway pressed.

But far beyond his track the flakes that fell—
As sparks that blow from off a passing train—
His course upon the skyey fields will tell,
Till with re-lighted torch he comes again!

Does the Alberta Mormon Control Politics?

By Emily F. Murphy
Author of "Janey Canuck Abroad" &c

Illustrated with Photographs

FROM time to time, but more especially in the silly season, there is featured in Canada a reprobate bogey-man labeled "the Albertan Mormon". He is, the writers tell us, a slack-twisted fellow with a monstrous naughty heart and the morals of a decadent Pasha, or of a barnyard cockerel—that is to say, none at all—in faith, a most audacious man. Cry shame on him, and shame! "Robin was a rovin' boy, rantin', rovin' Robin."

His "carryings-on", they further explain, are a scandal to all Canada. Alberta not included, and he should be straightway extinguished, but whether by means of axe or rope the writers do not say.

The trouble with this Mormon bogey is that the writers (in spite of all the ink they have spent) have dealt with possibilities and probabilities, but never with facts. As yet, they have failed to produce one jot or tittle of evidence that he is so dangerous and renegade a fellow. Should you, because of a disordered understanding, claim to the contrary part, then do I withstand you to the very face and say your evidence is of so vague and intangible a nature that you must perforce be reminded of Dr. Johnson's comment concerning the ground of belief for the immortality of the soul—"One would like more". Hitherto, the persons who wrote most about the Mormons were men who knew little of them, but now, after all the years, comes a new figure to the front, to wit, Miss Nan Moulton, journalist, of Winnipeg. She has visited the Mormons and has eaten and talked with them for weeks and weeks—for goodness knows how long. Presumably, she went thither to frame a case against them, but in this undertaking Miss Moulton has made an equivocal failure.

Indeed, one questions if her series of five articles are not more to the credit of the Mormons than to their shame and confusion of face.

While it befell Miss Moulton to act in the capacity of public prosecutor, yet he who runs may read in each of her articles that she could have acted

for the defence with far more ease and readiness.

And this is what anyone who has the honorable satisfaction of her acquaintance must naturally expect, for Miss Moulton is one of the sanest and most wholesome-minded journalists in all Canada, a morning-hearted woman with a fine sympathy for the world of commonplace folk. Also, she has a pretty sense of humor, a perception which, as a general thing, prevents a writer from taking an extreme position in matters either religious or political. This is why it is not a little surprising to find her assuming the drastic but withal ineffective attitude of the nursery jingle,

> Old Daddy Longlegs won't say his prayers,
> Take him by the left leg and throw him down the stairs.

It were an attitude more befitting to the child or the zealot than to a live-and-let-live journalist of the wide and tolerant West.

In her articles, Miss Moulton has made considerable ado over the obedience of the Mormons to their duly sanctioned authority; "Talk about the German army!" she says, "the Mormon Church is a theocratic government wherein the members enjoy a quite abridged liberty in novel contentment; it is an absolute monarchy resting ostensibly on the consent of the governed".

There are some of us in these days of strikes and disorders who incline to think this a highly commendable trait in the economy of the Mormons rather than something deserving of reprobation. Indeed, it is in strict accordance with the twelfth article of their creed—"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law".

ARE MORMONS BOND-SERVANTS OF A CULT?

The inference, however, to be deducted from Miss Moulton's remark is that these men do not exercise their liberty of opinion in things that matter, that they are bondservants of a cult. This remark is one that has been iterated and reiterated by many people who are unacquainted with the Western Mormon folk. We are informed these Mormons are a national menace in that they vote exactly as they are told and that their leaders aim at securing the balance of political power. I do not know concerning this alleged aim of theirs, but as the Mormons have only one member in the Legislature after fifteen years of residency, there would seem to be small cause for anxious care on the part of our nation in this matter. Neither does Mr. John Woolf, M.P.P. for Cardston, appear to be unduly aggressive in claiming special privileges for his supporters, although he might with some degree of fairness be entitled so to do, in that his is the most prosperous rural constituency in the whole province.

As a matter of fact, from what I have observed of Mr. Woolf in the different sessions of the legislature, he seems to be rather a quiet man among other quiet men who tier up in the house for the world like so many letters in a dictionary. The only idiosyncrasy about him is that you are aware that he is entitled to be called "a saint" back home in Cardston. This seems a pity, for "Johnny" Woolf is too much like other men to deserve so unfortunate a title. Besides, who ever saw a saint with gold teeth, a well-tailored coat, and an expansive smile?

But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that these Mormon leaders do aim at political power, what about it? Is not this an ambition that overleaps itself in other and wider circles than theirs? Since when, pray, has ambition for political power become a graceless standard? If the question be too hard to answer, there is no doubt you may gain considerable data and assistance from a study of the French vote, the Methodist vote, the temperance vote, to say nothing of the Irish one. Indeed, these witless phrases we read concerning "grave national menace", or "a pernicious political power,"

are only so many striking illustrations of the effect of writing without thinking.

But do the Mormons vote as they are told? Are they men without civic conscience—mere impersonal pawns to be moved hither and thither according to the irresponsible whim of their leaders?

This is not a peculiarity of men who live in the West—you may have noticed it. There would appear to be something in our highly ozonated atmosphere that precludes such a possibility.

But let us examine the ground-rock facts themselves for our better satisfaction.

ALL-PUISSANT ELDERS AND BLIND PIGS

In the elections of 1902, Mr. Woolf, representing the reformers, ran against Mr. H. A. Allan, the conservative candidate. This was one of the hottest and most keenly contested elections that took place in the whole province, bishops, elders and saints fighting the issue to its ultimate ditch. The reformer was elected in spite of the fact that the late Dr. Card, of Cardston, an ardent conservative and the big man of the burgh, threw his whole influence against him. Moreover (and hearken well to this), Mr. Woolf's opponent was on the eve of becoming the highest church dignitary of the Mormon community. If the so-called "hierarchy" were wont to exercise an arbitrary power over the votes of the people, this was most surely an occasion upon which they would have exercised it to the full.

But even the defeated party acknowledged that the Mormons had played the game with a fair and understanding spirit, which fact was vouched for on the floor of the legislature by Mr. Robertson, of High River, the leader of the conservative opposition.

To sum up the whole matter, this trumpery theory that the Mormons misuse the franchise by voting solely as instructed, is one that falls to the ground by the weight of its own silliness. We would not so much regret the expense of energy and waste of paper it takes to put this bogey out of active business were it not a fairly certain thing that one of these days another frightened, excited person will bob up somewhere about two thousand miles from Alberta and again drag this pestilent bogey out of its native dust. "Oho!" he will say, "Look you here, good Christians all! This is a bad Mormon man. He does many evil things and is a terrible menace to our national life in that he votes exactly as the hierarchy orders him." (They are sure to say "hierarchy" and "our national life"). "Let us convert him this very instant, or failing this, off with his head".

Yes! this is what tends to make the task of education a wearisome one to body and brain.

Miss Moulton relates to us that when Cardston was made a "dry" town certain young Mormons took upon themselves to conduct "blind pigs," thereby causing grave scandal to the elders who, in despair, called upon the Mounted Police of Edmonton to punish the evil-doers.

One marvels that Miss Moulton should tell this incident in that, awhile before, she endeavored to show us the Mormon elders as all-puissant autocrats who had to be implicitly obeyed. It would seem, after all, that their power is not so very absolute and that young Mormons are apt to exercise their free-will in "blind-pigs" in much the same manner as young Doukhobors will secretly smoke and eat meat, or as the youths of any Canadian community will "kick over the traces" where the lines are overly taut.

But there is a sequel to this incident. Miss Moulton says it is one of her best stories. When the policeman from Edmonton had quietly observed and listened for a few weeks he turned in his report but, besides the blind-pig statistics, it contained an appended list of names, being those of the prominent members of the community who were addicted to polygamous practises.

"The blind pigs" says Miss Moulton, "had squealed."

Now, this is a good story in that it does not lack in motive, in style, or in the very necessary element of surprise. Indeed, it may be said to have every merit except the rather commonplace one of truth.

It disquiets me as a Western woman to have to spoil one of those many "rippin' yarns" which Western villagers love to spring on unsuspecting travellers or uppish folk from the city, but the exigencies of this case demand it.

The pigs, if they had anything to squeal about, never squealed. Inspector Worsley of the Mounted Police tells me there is nothing in it. No such list was ever handed to him.

"If there had," I ask, "would it have been your duty to investigate it?"

"Most certainly!" he replies. "Most certainly, it had been my duty to have it investigated".

WHAT THE MORMONS TEACH THEIR CHILDREN

In one of her articles, Miss Moulton describes her meeting with President Allan of the Taylor Stake. "A dark, fine looking man is the President" she says, "but a man of sterner mould than most of his fellows. He was disgruntled when I met him, at Bishop Vaughan's declaration that every Mormon in England should be drowned in the sea. 'That man,' said President Allan with conviction, 'is a murderer in his heart.' I was quite frightened, but I didn't know what I could do about it, besides, I wanted to laugh."

In reading over these sentences, one's sympathies must inevitably swing to the dark stern man rather than the woman who wanted to laugh.

I have no evidence that Bishop Vaughan ever made this statement, but if he did he was most assuredly harboring murderous feelings in his heart, so that President Allan's declaration was well-founded.

It is not so long ago that a certain Anglican Bishop at a Canadian Club luncheon in Toronto, made a similar remark about the women who desired the rights of franchise. In his opinion, they deserved to have rats let loose upon them. Although the dignitary in question was the honored guest of the Club, he was sharply taken to task by a gentleman present for so unchristian and so unchivalrous an expression. As the case is a parallel one, I adduce it in support of President Allan's contention.

In criticizing the tendency of the Mormons to direct their own education, Miss Moulton says of them "In Cardston the majority of the teachers are still Gentile. In Magrath about half are Gentile. In Raymond, the most Mormon of all the Alberta towns, only two teachers are Gentile, and these are not coming back for the next term. They point to these Gentile teachers as proof of their tolerance, but I think 'twas sheer necessity. They are training teachers of their own faith now and employing them in the towns and in the many school districts round about."

It does seem difficult to work up any thing like a case against this community.. But even supposing the sole teachers employed were young men and maidens of the community, there would be nothing of a particularly flagrant nature in this matter. If the people of Sarnia, or Halifax, or Medicine Hat decide to engage the citizens of their own communities as teachers, it is purely a matter that concerns themselves. They are the people who pay the piper.

A Western girl, or a girl in Cardston, might prefer to teach in her own village and live at home, and it would be highly unreasonable to expect her parents to send her away to an outside district merely out of deference to the prejudices of certain interested folk in other parts of the province. Besides, if these Cardston teachers are of so pernicious a stock (as the journalists claim) it would not be possible for them to secure positions in other schools in Alberta.

On the contrary part, it is our opinion that the communities at Magrath,

Cardston and Raymond are doing well to train up all the teachers they can. Every day in the year, a new school is opened in Western Canada. Long life to any community that is producing a supply of teachers for them !

At present, we are wringing our hands and beseeching the English, Irish, and Scotch teachers to come over and help us. In Alberta, we require from three to four hundred new teachers yearly to maintain the necessary force, and at least half of these must come from Eastern Canada and the British Isles. The lowest salary paid is $600.00. In the face of these facts, it would look like foresight and good judgment on the part of the Mormons to train up and engage their own teachers rather than something deserving of adverse criticism.

It is a pity that the naked truth so often and so nearly approximates bad form but, nevertheless, we declare that most of this hysteric clamor and nearly all these absurd allegations against the Albertans of the Mormon persuasion have their origin in no more substantial grounds than that childish and knock-kneed couplet,

"I do not like you Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell".

The Lay of the Ex-Mariner

A. Harold Brown

I'D SAILED the blooming Seven Seas,
With William Blow, me mate;
And when we'd saved a bit o' cash,
We thought we'd emigrate.

"M' lad," says William Blow to me,
"We'll shape our course doo West;
I've heard a lot 'bout Canaday."
"Aye, aye!" says I, with zest.

So at Quebec we brought t' port,
And then we cruised t' West.
Until we come to Winnipeg,—
"By Gum!" says I. I'm blest!"

We thought to find a fortress place,
With Indians and snow;
But this here town flumbusted me,
And likewise William Blow!

"The place for us," says Bill to me,
(Our coin was getting low),
"Is more t' West where land be cheap."
"Aye, aye!" says I. "Right O!"

We settled, me and Bill, me mate,
On wheat-land further West;
And arter making things ship-shape,
We'd get a bully rest!

We'd sit and smoke, and take our ease,
And yarn and argufy,
Upon our own piazzer-deck,
'Twas nuts for us, me eye!

Then up I'd heave, and likewise Bill,
And stroll abaft the lee,
To watch our rolling waves o' wheat,—
It beats the bally sea!

As William Blow remarks to me,
"I used ter love the brine,
(I guess we'll lift ten ton this fall),
This here's the life for mine!"

Spinal Maginnis, Husky Hercules

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

"WHERE'S my Baird?" Spinal Maginnis demanded of the boys in the back-room as they collected their books for the study hour.

"Coming, I trust," Bryan Boru reassured him as he fondled his own downy chin coquettishly.

"Not 'beard,' you perennial Hyperion," disclaimed Spinal scornfully. "Your barberous mind is preossified with tutorial things."

"Wake up, Spinal!" gasped Chummy the precisian. "Perennial Hibernian', was what I called Bryan. And you mean tonsorial. Tutorial! What's that, Dixonary?"

"Pertaining to, or exercised by a tutor or instructor," remarked Dixonary in a conversational tone. "Anybody got a pencil with a point?"

"Exactly—a text-book. Text-books always did have a benumbing effect on our Irish friend. But Spinal meant his Baird's Classical Manual, Bryan. Have you stolen it?"

"I tould him it was coming," Bryan muttered, and with the word the text-book whizzed across the intervening space and descended with fluttering leaves on Spinal's head, as the bell rang.

It was Dr. Tassie's custom during study hour to pace up and down between the long tables, overlooking the students at their work, stopping behind an idler to warn him of the wrath to come, or lending a condescending interest to the labors of some industrious youngster. To-day he tarried beside Yankee Dickinson who was scornfully poring over his "Magnall's Questions" and recited, in a deep melodious voice "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power" as that staunch republican, Yankee sniffed at the armorial bearings of "an effete aristocracy" displayed in the text. Dr. Tassie passed on, pausing beside another lad, hopelessly floundering in Homer, to remark, "Poluphloisbois thalassae—the deep-sounding sea. A perfect example of onomatopoeia, the assimilation of sound to sense". "Moon-face the Delaware" glanced up respectfully, although uncertain of the Doctor's intentions, and beheld only the back of the Doctor's majestic frock coat as he passed on towards the seat of Spinal Maginnis.

Spinal had been busy decorating his "Baird" all evening, as a precaution against further loss.

> Steal not this Baird for fear of strife ;
> The owner has a big jack-knife.

he had traced laboriously on the fly-leaf, following it with a drawing of a savage rampant and flourishing a blade from which drops, presumably of blood, were falling in a copious shower. This had taken much time and effort, but was disappointing in that it did not seem to arrive at any definite result. So he continued on the opposite page with the legend,

> Steal not this book, my honest [illegible]ad,
> For fear the gallows will be your end.

Below this was a realistic picture of a gibbet from which a figure, mostly extended arms and legs, depended, and turning over the title page Spinal continued,

Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For in it is the owner's name.
On judgment day the Lord will say,
"Where is that book you stole away?"
And if you say, "I do not know,"
Then He will say, "Go down below!"
If my name you wish to see,
Turn to page one-forty-three.

As it happened, this page was devoted to a treatise on the designations of Roman families, and was headed, "Names.

"That's something I didn't think of," Spinal said to himself. "If a fellow has several names like those Romans, which one ought he to put in a book? Spinal Maginnis? Or his own proper cognomen of MacPherson?" Yet here was a suggestion. Said Baird, "A fourth name, or agnomen, was sometimes added for some illustrious action". Spinal seized upon it. He had felt latent heroism coursing through his veins with the approach of spring, and at once he decided to distinguish himself in some heroic way and acquire an agnomen which he would put in his book. Meantime he would refer the searcher in his Baird from page to page, and he was engaged in the task of constructing an intricate labyrinth of cross-references when he heard Dr. Tassie's familiar, "Ah! h'm! h'm! h'm!" behind him. Spinal sought to appear too engrossed to be interrupted, but the tyrant paused beside him, inquiring,

"What interests you so greatly, Macpherson?"

"Baird, sir!" faltered Spinal, anxiously searching page 183, on which he had just been inscribing, "Turn back to page seventy-nine" for an inspiration and an excuse. The Doctor looked over his shoulder.

"Ah! Roman Chronology. And you are arranging cross-references? You must be an enthusiast indeed. What is it that is so especially engrossing at the moment?"

Spinal, with unerring instinct, seized upon a proper name which would lend itself most readily to his mispronouncing genius, and read "Hasdrubble marches into Italy, is defeated on the Metaurus and slain."

"Has drouble indeed," Dr. Tassie commented, and lest he should betray himself into an undignified levity, passed on. Spinal promptly set to work again, carried the prospective searcher for truth to page seventy-nine, and was still hesitating whether to end the chase with his still unchosen agnomen, or with the conventional formula, "What a sell!" when Dr. Tassie touched the bell for prayers.

On returning to the dormitory Spinal exhibited his work with pardonable pride, and received ribald suggestions for its completion. But Chummy Jones, the precisian, scorned it openly.

"Such ingenuity as yours, dear boy," he said, "should not be wasted on childish puzzles. Now if you would undertake something really worth while, such as the discovery of the Baikie wigwam ——"

This was a quest as hopeless in its way as the search for the philosopher's stone or the fountain of youth, a search, the futility of which was a standing reproach to the whole school.

The Baikie Apes were known to have a wigwam, although the Tassie boys had hitherto regarded the building of these structures as their exclusive prerogative. All through the long and shameful winter the enemy had openly and defiantly boasted of this act of effrontery, and regularly every Saturday they had waited at the school gate to

hurl insults at their traditional foes as school was dismissed. Since they had a whole holiday on Saturday instead of the Wednesday and Saturday half-holiday that was the arrangement of the Tassie calendar, they were accustomed to spend the morning at their unknown rendezvous safe from spies, and return in time to revile their foes much after the manner in which Goliath of Gath stood and cried unto the armies of Israel.

The worst of it was that early in the winter Dr. Tassie had interdicted Baikie fights under pain of expulsion, and there were not wanting those who accused the Baikie Apes of having entered into a shameful compact with the Doctor and persuaded him to issue the edict.

When Chummy, therefore, pointed out to Spinal the way to glory, it roused a mighty rush of heroic impulse, and he nodded portentously.

"Those Baikie Apes," he said, "are becoming altogether too initiative."

Chummy looked impressed. "That's a fine word," he said. "What does it mean?"

"It's a cinnamon for copying—just what you'd expect of apes. But, seriously, they must be conjugated."

"Subjugated, he means," explained Dixonary.

"No, he doesn't. He means to slaughter the Baikies same as he does his Latin verbs."

But Spinal was serious. "It's no laughing matter, fellows. "What right have they to opprobriate our cutoms? Of course it must be a mere tapestry of a wigwam, but even so it must not be permitted to dessicate our fair land."

"Delenda est Carthago," quoted Dixonary.

Grasping his pencil, an air of desperate resolve Spinal wrote at the head of page seventy-nine in his "Baird", "Ask the Baikie Apes who annisolated their wigwam."

"There!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Anybody will know by to-morrow night whose book it is."

Spinal felt so sure of this that he proceeded to select "Hercules" as his agnomen. But next morning, he seemed to have forgotten all about the perilous undertaking he had set himself, and to be concerned only with the observance of Lent in accordance with the customs of the English Church. Spinal's conversion from the Presbyterian faith to that of the Episcopal had been a nine-days' wonder to those who did not know that the previous year Dr Tassie had given a whole holiday on Ash Wednesday to the English Church boys.

Now he had made ostentatious preparations for the rigid observances of the fasts and festivals of his new faith, abstaining from meat on hash day and on meat-pie day, the two days of the week on which Mrs. Tassie's wholesome menu was most energetically reviled. In private he proceeded to keep up his strength by means of a "regiment" of red herrings, a box of which he had laid in to the amusement of the scoffers.

" 'Regiment' is good, " commented Chummy Jones. "They have red coats, are put up in rank and vile and are full strength. They will make a very Hercules of you, Spinal." Which remark threw the prospective wigwam-discoverer into deep meditation and caused him to begin a letter to his mother telling her about his new agnomen, and his intention to earn it by discovering the Baikie wigwam.

Dr. Tassie gave the English Church

boys no holiday in the morning of Ash Wednesday, but instead sent them to church, which providentially held no services at the time when they arrived. Spinal, reading in this a direct interposition of the powers on his behalf slipped away from the others, and set out alone on his quest.

It was plain enough that up the river was the direction to take, for the Baikies had never attempted any concealment of their route, but this only went to show that he had no ordinary problem to solve when they displayed such evident confidence in the impossibility of discovery.

Snow was still on the ground and Spinal followed the first trail which left the road, leading into the woods. The footprints of some small animal caught his eye and he followed the tracks to a hole at the foot of a tree. Getting down warily on hands and knees, he sniffed and quickly backed away. "Just the thing, the chief can catch it", he said and, marking a cross with his knife on each of the two trees at an equal distance on each side, he ran back to the trail. This brought him to the river bank, where the path led down to a well beaten road in the middle of the frozen stream, but no sign of any wigwam had he yet seen.

Looking backward before starting on the up river trail, he saw something which appeared to be worthy of investigation—a dead tree which must be on fire as light smoke was rising from the top. Spinal climbed a taller tree near by to get a good look—and the next thing he knew he was falling with a piece of broken limb in his grasp. Then amid a blinding vision of fireworks, everything suddenly turned dark.

When Spinal regained consciousness, he realized that he was aching in many spots, but this was forgotten in the joy of discovering when he opened his eyes, that he had accomplished the object of his search. There could be no mistake about it. The cedar bark with which the walls and ceiling were neatly covered had that familiar wigwam effect and fragrance; but the perfectly flat roof, such as no Tassie boy had ever been known to build, proved that the place where he lay was none other than the Baikie fastness. A lighted lantern hung from the ceiling and, facing him, he saw squatting against the wall a merry-faced, curly-haired boy who was grinning as though it were a great joke to see a fellow battered into insensibility.

Spinal scowled and said, "What's funny about it? For all you know I may be incompassionated for life."

"No, you're all right," said the other. "I felt you all over. You know I'm going to be a doctor and I can tell. But, say, I know who you are when you talk. I've heard about you. You're the fellow they call Spinal Maginnis."

"And you're the fellow they call Firecrackers," said Spinal who had seen him in the forefront of battle and knew him for a doughty champion.

"I'm glad I came out here to-day. I played hookey to get a book that I left here last Saturday."

"What sort of a book? You must have wanted it badly to come out here alone with our fellows all around on your way back."

"I'm not afraid of the whole lot, but I want the book all right. It's a medical work that I'm studying. I haven't found it yet. What's that in your pocket?"

Spinal felt and found that he had pocketed the book on which he was so busy the night before.

"Oh, that's my Baird."

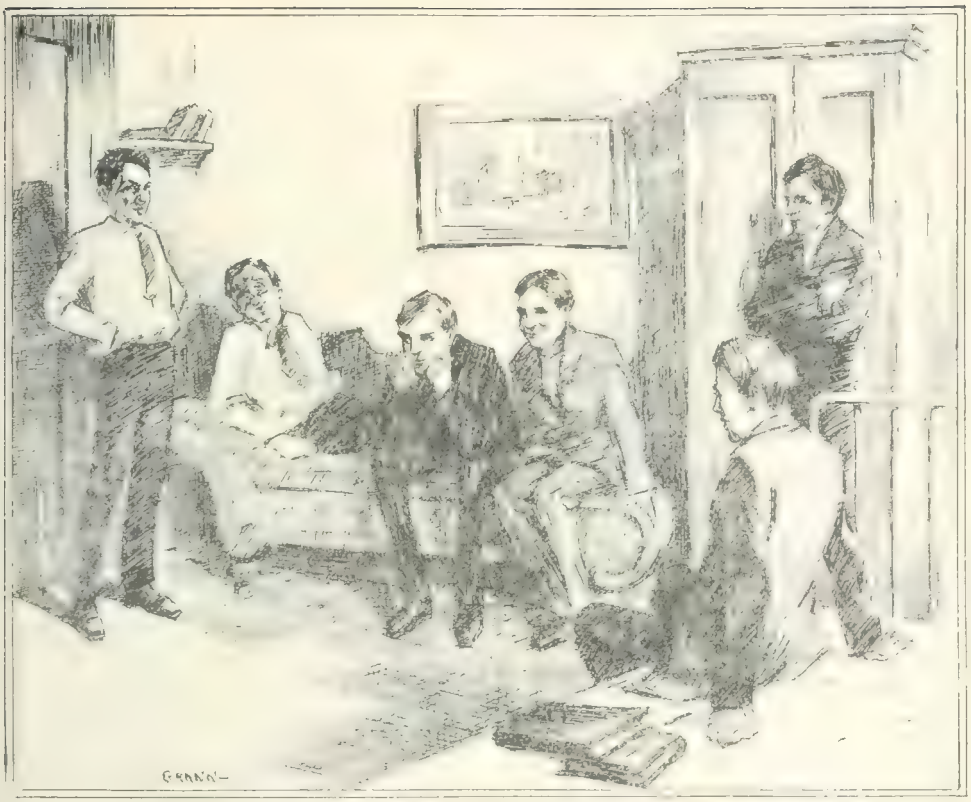
"Let's see it."

Firecrackers was greatly amused with the drawings, and the contents of the book also appealed to him. They did not give much time to the classics at Baikie's school and the book opened a new world to the boy. Forgetting the ancient feud, he sat down beside Spinal and asked him the pronunciation of the names.—If Chummy Jones could only have been there to hear that!

"What's your real name?" he asked abruptly. "Mine's Tommy Burns."

"If my name you wish to see, Turn to page one forty three," Spinal replied, with a mischievous gleam in his eye, hoping that this might lead to a search through the maze which he had constructed and a final bringing up at his boast that he would demolish the wigwam.

Firecrackers did as directed, only to



"THOSE BAIKIE APES ARE BECOMING ALTOGETHER TOO INITIATIVE. [illegible]
"THEY MUST BE CONJUGATED

find a reference to page one eighty three, but he did not continue the search, for he become at once interested in the heroes of the Punic wars whose roll was there recounted.

"I had rather be Hannibal for he won the most battles," he said.

"Yes, but he was beaten in the end," Spinal replied.

"That doesn't matter. Every fellow has to have his finish. Who would you rather be?"

"Regulus. He was taken prisoner just as I am and they let him go back to Rome on his promise to return after he found out if the Romans wanted to make peace. He advised them not to and then kept his promise and came back and the Carthaginians rolled him down a hill in a barrel studded with sharp spikes."

"That would be a good game to play. If you will promise to come back next Saturday afternoon I'll have a barrel ready."

Spinal reflected on this proposition and as he thought, the gleam which Tassie boys knew as "dangerous" flashed in his eye. "I'll take that up, and what's more I'll guarantee that your whole crowd will run from me. Not one of you will dare to touch me. I'm not much good now after that tumble but you'll see how strong I am. Here's my name," and he turned to page seventy-nine and pointed to 'Hercules'.

Firecrackers spied at the head of the page the words "Ask the Baikie Apes who annisolated their wigwam." He knew that it was only by the merest accident that Spinal had partially made good his boast. He knew nothing of the proverbial Maginnis luck and concluded that ever successful blunderer to be a vain boaster.

"One thing you must promise on the honor of a Regulus," he said—"that you won't show or tell anybody where this wigwam is and will never come near it yourself until you meet us at the

place I will show you. Then you can go ahead with your slaughter."

"I'll promise that all right if you will let me bring one other fellow along and will guarantee him safe conduct under a flag of truce. For myself I don't ask any terms."

Firecrackers readily assented, as he intended to have fifteen sturdy warriors of his own on hand. Spinal for his part knew that any party he brought would be sure to be outnumbered or the Baikies would never admit them but he felt that it was essential to have a witness to what he began to realize would be the greatest exploit of his career.

"Now," said Firecrackers, "we'd better be thinking of getting home if you are able to walk."

"Oh yes. I'm all right," and to prove it Spinal bravely limped around.

"You wouldn't be able to do that much if we hadn't piled a lot of young spruce trees over the roof to hide it. They deadened your fall."

Then he produced a loaf of bread and a pat of butter and, opening the stove door, proceeded to toast a slice of bread on a forked stick. Spinal had had the forethought to pocket several of his red herrings, so they fared quite sumptuously.

"Well," said Firecrackers, "I'll get busy and patch up the roof where you came in and then I'll show you the proper entrance."

He hauled out a step ladder and an armful of bark from an adjoining room which appeared to be a woodshed and store house, and lifting the pack of bark through a gap in the roof, he pulled himself up in good gymnasium style and, saying "Good-bye, I'll be back soon," disappeared.

Spinal lay on his back watching the gap narrow and close up, and then heard sounds as of something light being strewed over the covering, which he guessed to be pine needles.

As he lay there, the stovepipe caught his eye and he wondered how the smoke was concealed, until he recalled the smoking dead tree and concluded that it must be hollow and ingeniously utilized as a chimney. He had to admit that the Baikie Apes had shown some originality in that.

On lowering his eyes, he saw Firecrackers standing before him, though there was no indication of how he had come back.

"On second thoughts," he said, "I am going to blindfold you so you won't know how we get in here. I had to watch you for quite a while until you weren't looking."

So Spinal with his eyes tightly bandaged was led, limping and stumbling, while he counted three hundred paces. Then Firecrackers uncovered his eyes and showed him a large boulder which he told him was where he would be met and was not to be passed except under guard.

The Baikie said he would explain Spinal's absence from dinner and walked boldly up to the front door of Dr. Tassie's house and rang the bell. It was a new experience for Spinal to be entering there but he followed. His companion's frank, happy manner put everything in a favorable light, especially as Dr. Tassie knew his father well.

Firecrackers explained that they had met at his wigwam and, with a wink at Spinal, were going to meet there again on Saturday to consider terms for a treaty of peace.

Dr. Tassie expressed himself as greatly pleased that the boys should visit one another at their respective wigwams and trusted that an era of good feeling would be inaugurated.

"Delenda est Carthago just the same," Spinal muttered as he showed Firecrackers to the door, and the Baikie to whom Spinal had explained the quotations, shook his fist as he laughed back his challenge.

"I tell you what I'd like to do," Spinal exclaimed in his sudden, ingratiating way which never failed to disarm suspicion, "I'd like to bring a stifling desecration for your wigwam."

It was a great advantage to Spinal that he usually managed to be misunderstood. In this instance, he meant just what he said, but Firecrackers, who thought he had mastered Spinal's peculiar dialect, believed that he intended to say "a trifling decoration," and readily agreed to accept a peace offering.

"I don't believe you want to play Regulus after all," he said. "It

wouldn't be a bit comfortable to be rolled down the bank in a barrel. You had better get your fellows to make peace."

"I thought you liked fighting."

"I do, that's the trouble. If there is any going on I am sure to be in it and Old Baikie is so set against it that he says any fellow caught in a fight with Tassie Apes will lose his chance to get the scholarship and that would take me to medical college. See?"

"There won't be any fight as far as I'm concerned," Spinal called after him. "You fellows won't want to fight. I'll be too strong."

"I guess I can get the fellows to run from you every time and fight every other Baikie your size and that will cinch the scholarship for you sure, old boy", Spinal reflected as he watched his respected enemy depart.

The boys in the backroom were mourning Spinal's absence. They had read his unfinished note, thinking it might be a message for them and were really concerned to know that he had gone alone on such a dangerous venture.

"They have captured him sure," Yankee was saying.

"Yes, like the Trojans captured the wooden horse," was Dixonary's opinion.

Spinal limped into the room with dignity as he was speaking.

"Deadwood Dick the Detective," Chummy exclaimed. "How did you find it? Where is it?"

"It was deadwood all right, and defective at that," Spinal said. "As for the location, I am under oath not to tell it, and all I can say is that it is a very infradig affair."

This was almost a disclosure, for Chummy jumped at the interpretation "infra beneath and dig to excavate", and decided it must be an underground cave."

But Spinal absolutely refused to answer any more questions but volunteered the information that he had only been given his liberty in order to submit a proposal of peace a la Regulus and was going to return to captivity on Saturday with an unconditional refusal and the Baikies then intended rolling him down the river bank in a barrel. No, he couldn't invite more than one to witness the tragedy and had already chosen the chief to be present.

On Saturday afternoon Spinal took his stand at the rock and was soon surrounded by a crowd of Baikies who led him off.

"The other fellow will be here later," he told them. "I showed him where to come, so look out for him."

Chummy and Harry Freeman had made up their minds that something worth seeing was coming off and while they felt sure that Spinal needed no guardian had stalked him all the way, so that they might be there to see. They saw his captors lead him down the river bank and, running to peer over, the footing gave way and they both came sliding down with an avalanche of earth. The Baikies seized them and had them blindfolded before they could look around, and the next thing they knew they were all three seated in a row with their backs against the walls of the Baikie wigwam and confronted with a crowd of boys, mostly with forbidding scowls on their faces, who filled the other end of the room. Firecrackers, who was evidently the leader, shook hands heartily and asked what report Spinal had to make with regard to the proposed treaty of peace.

Spinal arose, folded his arms and spoke in the high flown language of an Indian oration. In substance he said that Firecrackers had a good heart and if he wanted peace and could make the hearts of his warriors like his own, he ought to have peace. And when the time came, there was a young man among the Tassie warriors who was a real Indian and could conduct a "seminary" of peace with council fire and calumet quite in accordance with the best Iroquois "transitions".

At this point, a section of the bark wall swung inward and John Smoke was brought in and the bandages removed from his eyes. The Indian was an object of great interest to the Baikies as he stood like a statue and impassively returned their keen scrutiny without blinking.

The Baikie whose attitude had been the most unfriendly then started to argue that no terms should be made

with the Tassie Apes. That they and the Baikies had never been friends and never would be. That Firecrackers had not had authority to bind his side to any agreement, and as for Spinal anyway, he was a spy who had returned to take the consequences of his act and should be licked, whatever they decided to do with the others, who had not yet explained their presence nor made it clear how they came unless the spy had told them the way. And if he had, all the more severe should be his punishment. He would ask, had the spy any guarantee that all the Tassie Apes would agree to stop fighting? Had he advised them to or would he advise them to?

And would he swear by the tawse, which he understood Tassie Apes regarded as sacred, never to fight a Baikie again himself?

Spinal then stood up and in his bearing was all that dignity of which he was possessed in no small measure.

"First", he said, "I have a duty to fulfil and then you may do your worst.

"I only spoke of the peace council in a temptative way. I have not advised and never will advise my contemptuaries to make a treatise with Baikie Apes. It is our most cherished transition to fight them.

"But, having been tendered the possibility of your wigwam, which I may say I have sworn to annisolate, I have determined, as I promised to my respected foe, Firecrackers, to present you with a stifling desecration. It is a genuine Mephisto Mephiticat".

"What kind of a cat?" ejaculated Chummy, splitting in spite of the evident danger of the situation.

Harry Freeman thought it must be some wretched chromo that Spinal had picked up and was wondering what painter it could be with whose name he was wrestling, when John Smoke, whose surname was a bald translation into English of an Iroquois word signifying 'the haze which rises from the ground on an autumn morning and vanishes as day advances" handed to Spinal a box which he had carried concealed under his overcoat.

Spinal unhooked the lid and turned the box over, whereupon a small, beautifully striped animal dropped to the floor.

There was a wild stampede for the door. Firecrackers alone maintained semblance of dignity and when the tumbling, wrestling jumble of Baikie Apes and Tassie Apes, for once united in a common cause, had rolled in an avalanche down the bank, he backed stubbornly out saying "you win—you are the strongest" and essaying the difficult feat of holding his nose and laughing at the same time, retreated also. For Spinal had begun a wild dance with the animal and the air within the wigwam was absolutely insufferable unless, as seemed the case with Spinal, one were determined to wallow it in.

Spinal finally emerged from the tunnel which constituted the entrance to the wigwam, the crowd falling back as he appeared.

"Look out fellows!" Chummy Jones cried. "Here they come. There are two of them!"

But Spinal stood up with his best conception of the air of a Regulus returning to torture.

"Now!" he said, "roll me down the bank all you like." But the Baikies showed no disposition to approach him nor did Chummy nor Harry for that matter. They were standing apart, watching for signs of hostility which had so far been forgotten in the confusion. John Smoke had already melted away, feeling that he would be made to bear a share of the responsibility for the catastrophe.

Spinal, seeing that none dared to touch him, began to taunt the enemy.

"You now have an absolutely inexpressible stronghold. You need have no fear of invasion with so strong a garrison. Now that you need no longer live in constant dread, you will have time to imitate other customs of our school. Expert instructors will be gladly furnished to imitate you into the mysteries of big ring, little ring, duck on the rock, riding duck, jimmy long tail, puss in the corner—"

How long Spinal's catalogue of first and second form amusements might have been spun out is hard to say, for he cherished vivid and tender memories

SPINAL REFLECTED ON THE PROPOSITION, AND AS HE THOUGHT THE GLEAM WHICH TASSIE BOYS KNEW AS DANGEROUS FLASHED IN HIS EYE

of that far away period and was going on as though he were wound up. But the allusion to puss in the corner was too much for the Baikies. Fired with a burning sense of the desecration of their hearth and exasperated beyond endurance, they rushed as one man down to the edge of the river for stones.

"Speed the parting guest," Harry quoted as he started at the best hundred yard gait he had ever struck. Chummy followed him closely and Spinal did his best to catch up with them but that only kept them going the faster, and they were all out of range before the enemy was up the bank and began firing.

"I wonder where the chief went," Harry panted as they slowed up on the Presson road.

"He went to look after his other traps and I am to meet him there," Spinal shouted from as near as they would let him come. "He has several of them set and now that he has got started, says he is going to catch a lot of skunks and bring them home to get even with Old Bill for the last licking he got."

"For heaven's sake call him off, Spinal," Chummy implored. "Haven't you had enough?"

"I have and will," Spinal answered. "I'm going to bury these clothes where he is. I have some others there. Yes, I'll bury them deep, Chummy. Infra dig they are as you say and infra dig, they shall be, and I'll see that John suppresses his hunting instinks and returns to civilized habits."

When the backroom in committee of the whole talked it all over that night after tubs, at which function Spinal was most energetically soaped and scrubbed by the united efforts of his friends, it

was unanimously decided that he had fairly earned his chosen *agnomen* of Hercules.

"His strength was as the strength of ten limburgers in a sewer", Yankee suggested as a fitting motto.

Spinal then sat down to finish the letter to his mother which had lain on the table since Wednesday. He added this, "Since writing the above lines, I dropped in at the Baikie wigwam. It was hash Wednesday and you can't eat that in Lent or any other time so I took lunch there. I had red herrings with a Baikie ape. It was the first one I ever liked. His name is Tommy Burns, and I wish you would ask Pa to give him a chance to go to medical college. He will work his way if he gets a start and he can't get the Baikie scholarship if he fights Tassie Apes and he likes to and so do I. I guess I can have the whole Baikie school to fight now because I was too strong for over a dozen of them. They all ran away from me. The boys call me Hercules.

Your loving son
Roderick Duncan Hercules MacPherson.

So Firecrackers the Baikie fightingman went to college and is now the celebrated Dr. Thomas Burns F.R.C. P. & S. and a lot of other honorable titles which the space alloted to a magazine story does not admit of recounting.

RED CLOVER

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

A FIELD of red clover where bumblebees tumble
And slip and turn over and mumble and grumble—
The blossoms drip sweetness, the dew is distilling,
When to all completeness their petals are filling.

The morning light dances from clover to clover,
In shimmering glances the field it runs over,
And sweeter and cleaner it seems to grow daily,
It [illegible] the long greener and nodding all gayly.

The breeze runs above it and zephyrs float after
To toss it and love it with mystical laughter.
A field of red clover—the reddest and rarest,
And all the world over of pictures the fairest.

And isn't it bent in a marvelous pity
That children are pent in the streets of the city!
Whose blame is the blunder that no child runs over
The scent-tangled wonder, a field of red clover?

The blossoms are sighing for children all sunny,
To come to them flying and suck out their honey.
The city is yonder, and here the red clover:
And thus do we blunder things, over and over.

Her Miniature in Sepia

By G. F. Clarke

Author of "Anastasia," "The Cigarette Parson," etc.

With a drawing by Rose Cecil O'Neill

JACK MALCOM sat in his room, a perplexed frown on his pleasant face, while he gazed at the photograph of a girl standing on his dresser. The sweet eyes held a daring expression, the nose was slightly uptilted, the mouth—it was an adorable mouth—drooped ever so little at the corners. Malcom thought it pathetic, not in keeping with the nose and the firm, half-defiant chin. The hair was parted in the middle and arranged in a heavy braid on the crown of her head. She was sweet, undeniably so. Malcom rose and, taking the photograph in his hands, looked at it carefully, hunting for the trace of a word—a name that would give some clue to the original's identity. There was neither, save on the back, printed very artistically, the following: "Miniature in sepia. From the studio of Louis Fabian Bachrach." This was vexingly unenlightening. He placed the miniature in its original position and sought solace in his pipe.

For a week she had looked down upon him from the top of the dresser. He had asked her many questions, but she remained passive, and he felt not a little amused at himself and sometimes blushed for becoming so interested in one of whom he knew not even the name. Several times he narrowly escaped detection as, hearing his friend Craig's footsteps coming along the passage, he hastened to hide the picture.

She had come through the mail wrapped in common brown paper, the address written in a round, school-girl hand — "John Malcom, Woodstock, New Brunswick, Canada." That was all, save for a two-cent stamp on one corner. He noticed that His Gracious Majesty the King was not standing on his head. Whoever she was she was loyal. But she remained a mystery, alluringly sweet — "A miniature in sepia. From the studio of Louis Fabian Bachrach."

A step sounded on the passage outside. Malcom knew it for Craig's, and he had barely time to throw the

photograph into a drawer and bang it to when the door swung open and his friend's cheery voice grated jarringly on his ears.

"Hello old man; aren't you going?"

"Going?" echoed Malcom. "Oh!" as he recollected the invitation to the Frenches'; "no."

"Oh, say, come along, Jack. What's the use mousing here alone every night? What's the trouble, anyhow?" Craig asked in some irritation.

"Nothing. I don't just want to go. Have a chair, Billy?"

Craig was disappointed and showed it. "Come, old man. Mrs. French wants you. Cicely wants you. I want you. So can't you come and be agreeable for once?"

Malcom smiled at his earnestness, and Billy continued: "I want you to meet some one, Jack. She's awfully sweet, just your style. Come: just the sight of her will do you good."

"Now, Billy," protested Malcom, "one of your everlasting females. I thought you had done springing them on me."

"But this one's different," begged Billy. "Besides, Cicely—well, she especially wants you—said that Miss—the young lady knows you."

"All the more reason why I shouldn't go," was Malcom's oracular remark, and glancing from his friend's white shirt-front to his face added: "You look good to-night, Billy."

Billy flushed with pleasure. A compliment from Malcom was rare indeed, and to be appreciated. But after glancing at himself in the mirror he said sorrowfully: "You don't even want to know her name."

"Oh, yes," conceded Malcom. "I don't mind."

Craig looked his despair. "Are you really booked for an old bach?" he asked.

"Yes, if you'll allow me to drop in to tea on Sundays, after the tenth. Isn't it the tenth, Billy, that you are to sacrifice yourself on Hymen's altar?"

Craig laughed. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if you'd forget all about the date and go off fishing and leave me without a best man!"

"Oh, no, I won't, Billy," said Malcom with a twinkle. "You see, I'm considering the many Sunday dinners I hope to enjoy. Grace is a good cook. You're a lucky fellow, Billy," and as an afterthought, "So am I."

Craig brightened at once. "That's fine, Malcom. Grace will be as pleased as myself. So will Cicely—you know, of course, she is to be bridesmaid? Grace dotes on her, and has a nice young man picked out for her to marry, and all that."

"Eh!" ejaculated Malcom. "Cicely! Oh, she's only a little girl yet. One of the sweetest in the world, though, I admit."

"And you won't come to-night, even to please her?" remonstrated Craig. "Oh, well," as Malcom shook his head in final negation. "Good night."

When his friend's footsteps had entirely died away, Malcom took the miniature in sepia from the bureau drawer and placed it once more before him.

Malcom was twenty-eight, an orphan, a lawyer, and happy, or imagined he was, in single blessedness. The truth of the matter was he had never met the right woman; or, having met her, had not known it. Perhaps he was hard to please. Billy maintained that he was. Billy had found his heart's desire, and in a little less than a month was to be married, and Malcom, who generally fought shy of such things, had actually consented to act as best man, much to Craig's delight. Malcom half envied Craig his destined happiness, but as he hitched his chair nearer the bureau on which reposed the miniature in sepia, comforted himself with the hope that he would one day meet with the original. Who was she, why she had sent him the miniature he could not for a moment imagine. And so he sat there, his grey eyes fixed in dreamy contemplation.

Through his mind went pictures of other days—boys he had known—girls he had been proud to call sweethearts. He remembered one in particular. She had sat in front of him at school. He had pangs of regret that he had used her badly—that is, if teasing and then making up could be called using one not just right.

She was a sweet little thing, was

Florence Hill. Eighteen years had fled since the memorable snow-fight when she had so valiantly took his part, to the chagrin of the Godsoe boys. Yes, she was a great girl ! Once again he built a snow-fort in the back yard, with numerous loopholes to spy the enemy from, and those Godsoe boys, red-headed and freckled, swooped down upon him like a pack of Indians. They whooped in derision at his small figure cresting the top of the fort, and wagged their tongues at the flag he had planted. Then on they came, yelling like wild things, determined to tear it from its proud position and hurl the fort about the owner's ears. His teeth set and uttering no words of joy or defiance, he manfully resisted, shoving them back and throwing down snow until his small arms ached and his round face pained from the impact of the enemy's artillery. Fearful odds! Some of the Godsoes made a flank movement, and the small defender was cast over the wall to be pummelled by those in front. The flag was torn down and Snappy Godsoe stood on the ramparts shouting his victorious war cry. They did not see the little girl come from the house opposite, broom in hand. No one was aware of the approach until she caught Snappy Godsoe in the chest with her weapon and toppled him over. Then like a wild thing she sprang on the other little Godsoes, plying her broom with steady arms while her hair, braided in two long "pig-tails," kept time rhythmically.

In a moment the enemy was routed by this Joan of Arc, and Malcom was on his feet digging the snow from his ears.

She stood looking at him for perhaps a full minute in compassionate silence, then she laughed. The boy's face grew red. He started towards the house, but ashamed at his momentary pique, he turned and went back. "I'll marry you some day," he said, looking into her wide, laughing eyes.

She turned at that and ran through the snow to her own door and never once looked behind. She went away a year later to live in Montreal.

* * * * *

Malcom was seated in his office the next morning trying to apply his mind to some knotty problems of the law, but succeeding indifferently well because of the sweet face that persisted in spelling out the words—"Miniature in sepia—miniature in sepia"—until the words fitted themselves to a tune and he began whistling.

"Confound it," he growled at last, and pushed the book from him. Just then his office door was opened gently and a figure gowned in white tip-toed softly in, clasped two hands over his eyes and demanded: "Guess?"

He remained quiet a moment and she gave his head a little shake.

"Oh, it's you, Bother!" he growled playfully.

"Correct," she said sweetly, and releasing him seated herself in the chair at the end of the desk. "You're a bad boy," pointing a small forefinger at him.

"Admitted," he smiled into her blue eyes.

"You didn't come to the party last night!" she challenged.

"Er—well—you see, Ciss ——"

"Stop, Mr. Malcom! I'm past eighteen now. I'm Cicely."

"So old!" he exclaimed in playful mockery, and laughed at her bright eyes and sweet face, sobered from wonted good-fellowship to judicial sternness.

"I'm afraid, Cicely ——"

The frown deepened. "Afraid!" she said. "You should be ashamed!"

"I plead the court's mercy!" he mimicked.

"You didn't come last night," she threatened.

"I know," humbly. "I beg your pardon."

"Mama said she didn't think you would," said the girl in hurt tones. "But I thought, Mr. Jack—why, I told Billy to be sure and bring you—I had a girl for you—I've kept her for you a long time."

"Eh!" ejaculated Malcom, then said drolly, "Billy had one for me, too. Is this a conspiracy, Cicely? But, really, Billy did his best. It wasn't his fault I didn't go."

"She's the sweetest girl in the whole world, Jack. She'd make you a lovely

wife." Her voice was all seriousness, almost pathetic, now.

"Indeed," said Malcom dryly. "And who is she, Cicely?"

He was used to this girl and her playful dominance. Never before had he realized how much a woman she was. Always had she been a little girl to him. It seemed only yesterday she had donned long skirts and put her hair up. Billy had actually startled him when he intimated that Grace had picked out a nice young man for her.

"Who is she, Cicely?" he asked again, but she shook her head, and rising, started to the door.

"Cicely, Cicely French!" he begged.

"Don't call me that!" she flashed out, her cheeks pink.

"Ciss," he said gently, and she returned, smiling.

"Aren't you ever going to fall in love, Jack?" she asked. "Didn't you ever see anyone you liked awfully well, and wanted very, very much?"

He ignored the latter question. "If you'll introduce me," he said, laughing.

"You're actually curious to know who she is, aren't you?" said she.

"Yes," he admitted.

Her face fell. "Guess," she urged.

He racked his brains. "Tell me," he insisted after several fruitless efforts.

She shook her head. "You'll fight shy if I tell you. I know you too well, Jack Malcom."

"Do you forget that I have spanked you in the past?" he asked.

The blue in her eye was baffling.

"Or that I have kissed you many times?"

"She flushed, then said slowly: "Oh, I was only little then and you took the privilege of a big brother—and you're laughing at me, Jack!"

"No, not laughing," he answered soberly. "I was only thinking of some very pleasant times."

"When you spanked me?" Her eyes were humid with a something the man could not understand.

"The other times, Miss Cicely," said honest Jack.

"Come up to the links this afternoon, Jack, and I'll introduce you," said she, and turned and went through the door with a sad little pain at her heart.

* * * * *

It was two weeks later. The links at Woodstock are the finest in Canada —so the visitor reiterates —as, having tipped the caddy, he strolls to the club house casting regretful eyes back over the course—that he is to leave it all. Perhaps he didn't know as he drove the small ball south-west that he was facing Meduxnekeag, whose sun-kissed waters wind over deeps and shallows, past fields and intervals of ripening grain and hay until it makes its final turn a half mile above the bridge, a hundred yards below which it joins the mighty St. John. As he faced full where the north star shines and perhaps sliced the ball into the woods to his left, he forgot the aggravation as his senses were thrilled with the aroma of fir and spruce that at this particular place is ever dominant. Having done long-acre and driving south-west again, perhaps he is not aware that he is playing Sunset, so called because of the glorious pageantry of sunset effects, often arresting the player's arms and dazzling his eyes so that he almost forgets golf in the next most wonderful thing in the world.

Cicely French putted for the last hole successfully, picked out the ball and, clubs over her shoulder, walked toward the young man seated a few feet away.

"What's the trouble, Jack? Isn't she nice to you?"

"He smiled quickly. Oh, yes."

"Floss is a great girl," she said with fervor.

He nodded his head and she searched his face with quick eyes.

"Are you very much in love, Jack?"

Again he nodded, and again she turned to gaze after her cousin, Florence Hill. "Poor Jack," she said soothingly.

He stirred himself and asked for the hundredth time in the last week: "Why did you send me her photograph, Cicely?"

"I—I—because, Jack—I—I—wanted you to fall in love with her."

"You did?"

"Yes," she admitted in a very small voice.

For several moments she looked towards Sunset, then turned to find him gazing at her with abstracted air.

"You see," said she, "when I visited Florence a few weeks ago I mentioned your name, and she remembered you and that you had sat before her at school. She told me of a snow-fight in your back yard—you promised to marry her long ago?"

The man nodded, and she went on: "And I thought what a romantic thing it would be should you fall in love all over again when she came to visit me. So I stole her photograph and sent it to you. Wasn't it nice of me, Jack?"

"Very," he answered doubtfully.

"And afterwards I was——" She stopped abruptly.

"What?" asked the man in a listless voice.

She dropped her head, and to cover her confusion asked: "Does she love you, Jack?"

"I haven't asked her yet."

"Oh!"

"She doesn't, anyhow, I know."

"You can never tell by a woman, Jack," she said softly.

He brightened. "Is that so, Ciss? If I thought——"

"What, Jack?"

The figure in white was playing bunker now, but his eyes were staring straight into Sunset. "There's a girl," he said, "I've known her a long time. When she was little—not so very long ago—she sat on my knee and called me her big brother——"

Cicely was gazing at him speechless. What did he mean? Who?

"——She was always sweet and good as a child, and one day, it seemed, she grew big. But even then I didn't realize that she was a woman and that I loved her until she wanted to give me to another girl. Then I knew. But, you see, I'm so much older—ten years older than she. Perhaps that's why she doesn't care—wants to give me to another girl—Florence Hill."

She was trembling with pure happiness. Her face flushed with a great joy. "Oh, Jack, she doesn't now—she doesn't now!" Then the glad tears rushed to her eyes.

"——And I'll make you a smart little housekeeper, Jack. Everything so sweet and clean. And I'll meet you every day at the door with always a smile, Jack—always a smile."

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

Not a year but has its purpose,
God-dictated and sublime;
Every moment like a sculptor
Shapes the marble mass of Time.
We shall see in the great reckoning
When the final Good is wrought,
That each act was something gained
From the aching realm of Nought;
Even the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

LIKE a shadow the old year has slipped away and we are facing the New. The moment is always a full stop in every life save that of the little child. It is a page finished—a step nearer the inevitable end. Every New Year morning is a Birthday to the World; a new sweet life is stirring. Another chance to make good is offered us.

What did you do with last year? Did you keep a single one of the good resolutions you made on the first of that other January which has faded away like the last rose of summer in the garden. Nothing left but, perhaps, a memory of its fragrance or of its rose-leaves. Or was your year a grim one in which death walked or grief or pain? Was it all struggle and no play, poor mortal—and is there nothing not even a sprig of rue you would pluck from it for remembrance? If such your case, or mine, be assured that the past year brought joy to many—that life is not all sorrow, that—fortunately—the page is blank and clean to write on what we will, that on the whole it is a good old world with as much sunshine as shadow and that we will be very sorry and very reluctant to leave it when our hour sounds.

Daylight dies when night approaches,
And night when sunbeams range;
The dull days have made a turning;
Nothing changeless is but Change.
Let us sing, then, and be merry
Since earth's dark side is but half,
Yet with wisdom in our mirth
And a graveness in our laugh;
For with swinging and with ringing
All the New Year's bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking,
And old Death and young breath
A stranger under-song are making.

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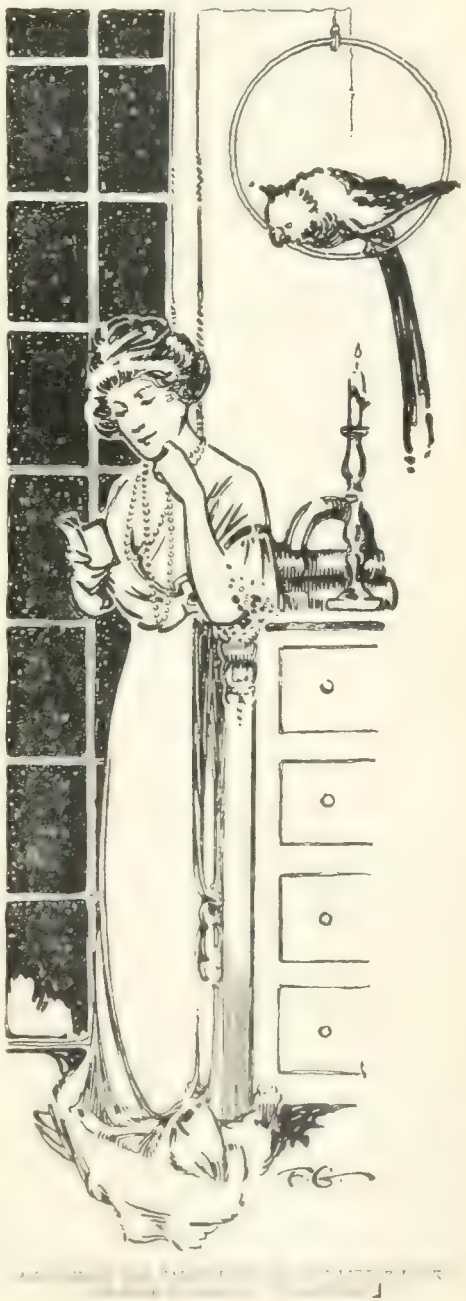
ABOUT DIARIES

IS a diary the safest form of scribbling? Did Mr. Pepys for a moment imagine that posterity would be reading and enjoying vastly such indiscreet scribblings as that "My Lady Sandwich came to town and showed me most extraordinary love and kindness;" after which he regaled himself by seeing a man hanged, drawn and quartered at

Charing Cross, and the same he entered joyfully in his Diary. The wonder is that such a busy little man as the immortal Samuel ever found time to keep such a journal. The age in which he lived was a licentious one, when love of pleasure was the order of the day and one would think the Clerk of the Navy would have little time for gaiety after the discharge of his official duties which was always his first object, but he also found time for the theatre, the rout, the tea-drum or the Gardens—and time to write up these festivities and many little naughtinesses in which he indulged besides. He put everything in his Diary down to his wife's new stockings and it is the Diary, not his other work or accomplishment, which has made him immortal. We hear a good deal these days of pressure and hurry and lack of time to do this or that, but the days are just as long now as they were in Pepys' time, and there was as much work to do then as now and far fewer facilities to do it with.

Perhaps there is even now some Pepys at work silently chronicling all his trumpery experiences for the benefit of the twenty-second century. But it is hardly probable. The art of diary-keeping seems to be obsolete. Who could keep a diary in one of those neat little volumes which give together with much information about postage rates and weights and measures and so forth, a few blank pages whereon to chronicle one's doings? Imagine Mr. Pepys compelled to limit his interview with Mistress Nelly Gwynne to half a page, or condense his sensations upon putting on his new black silk stockings to a mere line or two. Dip into the Liliputian booklet you bought a year ago and what do you find in it? Merely room in which to set down what a cold frosty day that twenty-seventh of January was or how it thawed on the eleventh. Is there anything there to remind you of the darling satin pumps you wore at the best dance of the season, or the hour and moment of that first thrilling kiss, or the exact second in which he popped the fatal question?

Alack! We ourselves have opened a little year book in which there was a little pocket, in which, folded in tissue paper was a little lock of hair—only to ask the question "Whose?" And whose the faded rose whose leaves, grey and odorless fall into ashes as you touch their dry crisp edges, and whose the—throw them all into the leaping fire and have done with it.



"AND HE CAME BEARING GIFTS"

WHAT did you get for Christmas? What you wanted—mere utilities of one sort or another, or some dreamed of delight? And what did you give? Did you remember the poor and the lonely and the "down and outs"? Were you kind to the Postman and the newspaper boy and your own especial tribe of little retainers, or did you hide when one of these rang your bell and pretend you were out just to save giving a "bit o' kindness" as one or two I know of did? And what did you save? A mean mark added to the awful score totted up against you by the great Recorder?—a trifle you would never miss and which could bring you—nothing worth while. I am sorry for you if you have missed a great joy. And thrice sorry if you were so lost and lonely a being that you had none to share Christmas with.

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GENIUS

BE glad that you are not a genius. Genius, we are told on scientific authority, is a disease. The genius is actually inferior to the average person. Nature, it is said, abhors a vacuum. She abhors equally any thing or person who is abnormal. Nature tries to eliminate the genius. She makes him susceptible to drink and drugs and fond of both. The genius she regards as unfit—therefore no somersault of eugenics can bring about the transmitting or breeding of genius. This, oddly enough, is actually a truth. Your genius is sterile in the sense of transmitting his peculiar characteristic to his offsprings. Perhaps this accounts in a measure for the dull sons of brilliant men or women. The "genius of the family" (every family thinks that it possesses one) is then one to be regarded with feelings of pity rather than envy.

Of those gifted with this dangerous faculty, Shakespeare stands alone as a man of perfect sanity. Perhaps—but would it do to say that bacon had anything to do with it?—what is termed by a scientist the wisest food to begin the day with? The rasher perhaps accounts in some degree for William's sane outlook upon life—he ate it daily, for he was fond of bacon. Whatever the cause, the great creator of fools is said to be the only poet who was absolutely sane. Cowper was mad for a season; Shelley saw visions, and, too, remember his ancestry! Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, Charles and Mary Lamb were neurotic, poetic, ill-balanced. Coleridge was also neurotic, his son a drunkard and demented; Sheridan, whose grandmother and mother were both mad, was himself a victim of drink; Southey died mad, Pope was deformed and ricketty; Keats neuropathic; Sir Walter Scott of insane and nervous stock. Burns, son of an irascible father, was himself blasted with deep melancholy; Keats of ungovernable temper and dwarfed stature; Byron—alas! and these but the poets. Of genius-ridden musicians and writers and artists—not one of whom was quite sane—the list is long indeed.

One in my lifetime have I known—and loved. A woman this of such quality as maddest dreams are made of. She had beauty, wit, and was of scintillating brilliance, and the highest intellectual ability. She could have been anything, and was nothing. Of lonely and solitary habits, shy, sad, cynical, yet with a never-dry fount of childish joy and mirth bubbling in some deep recess of her nature. She paid the penalty of genius, suffering from the ravages of neurosis, dying early, and leaving behind her but a few unfinished fragments of song and story—each perfect in its way, each indicative of the brilliant mind and vivid imagination of this most poetic of beings. I never knew a more beautiful or tender soul; never read more exquisite verses than those she wrote, never heard such music of Fairyland as she wove from note and string—yet she left nothing save some chips from the diamond of her intellect that those who loved her might cherish, and save what her memory brings.

No, fortunately genius cannot breed genius. Nature will have none of it. You may breed the tail off and back again on a strain of mice, or produce a breed of Arab horses by careful attention to eugenics, but genius cannot be bred into human stock. Nature want

" THERE IS REALLY AN INDISCREET STORY RUNNING IN THE X - - TODAY
READ THE FIRST IN [illegible]"

adaptable beings to suit her changing moods, her own caperings. Your true natural "genius" is he who is humble as a doormat and as pliable as porridge. You must walk this earth with your eye on the road, not with your head in the clouds. Toe the mark. Keep off the grass and in out of the wet, and plod along your way thankful for your common place capacity to do the day's work. We do not set the value we should on plain common sense or on the worth to the world of the Average Person.

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CLIFF-EDGE FICTION

THERE appears to be a craze for fiction of the cliff-edge order. By "cliff-edge" I mean writing on matters that border on indecency. A little more and the authors would tumble into the sea of salaciousness. This sort of thing must sell else we would not see certain magazines which fill their pages with it, boasting of reaching to the million mark. There was a great outcry not so long ago when one Toronto shop innocently featured a whole window with "Three Weeks" and not a little amusement when the works of de Maupassant, Boccaccio and other ancient and quasi-modern masters of free writing were solemnly sent to the stake by a shocked Court this after these works had perambulated the country in editions de luxe and had

been sold to those modest non-reading people who buy books merely to stock a library and appear "well-read." It would be cheaper and just as satisfying to such persons to buy painted wooden covers inscribed with the names of the best authors unless of course, some busybody like the shy man who pulled a block of Xenophon down on his head, wished to investigate the top shelves.

"Three Weeks", a bundle of inane matter too absurd to affect the morals of a fly, got itself well advertised as "one of those spicy books, y'know" which go with a wink of the eye and is still mentioned in whispers. A good little girl asked me in awed underbreath the other day if I had ever read it. She had heard it was "an awful book" and naturally was dying to read it. When I told her it was merely tawdry and eminently stupid, she lost a good deal of interest in it. This of course is human nature; the stirring of the sin which was our first undoing—curiosity. I have often wondered why there is no such commandment as "Be not curious about your neighbour" or "Seek not to know that which is hidden from thee", and why curiosity was not included as the eighth in the list of deadly sins. It is certainly the most vital and teasing torment we have; a sort of mental mosquito which tickles us to a madness of searching for it. It affects every class from the servant's hall to the courtier on the palace back stairs. If we discover the hidden thing and find it of good quality, we praise it hurriedly and resume our search for what we really are looking for—some secret naughtiness, or select scandal. Thus, if you happen to say "There is a really indiscreet story running in the X—I only read the first instalment and intend to pass the rest up—" (of course you may mean this, but—) your acquaintance will go on the run to the nearest book shop, and, if he finds the edition bought up, will hunt up every news stand in town till he gets the magazine. This is human nature. It is also good advertising though you may not mean it. Usually the hunter after stuff of this kidney finds it too flavourless for his appetite. His imagination had figured up a juicy, if tainted morsel. Instead of venison—high, he gets a tough bit of steak, which serves him right. After all, mental pabulum of that sort soon sickens. If the stuff is really wicked the reader is repelled; if only vulgar, he is nauseated; if it is only timidly suggestive, he is disgusted and throws the book aside. Be assured that after a reading or two he wants no more of it. The magazine which prints sane and wholesome writing is the interesting one which holds its own the whole year round. One tires of French fricassee, no matter how highly spiced. But who ever tired of a cut of prime roast beef with Yorkshire pudding and other accompaniments? Man, it's a dinner every day in the year. Pass the pickles, Mary.

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THE RED SUITE

TALKING of "Three Weeks", the author, Mrs. Glyn—who lives in a top flat at the Ritz, by the way—is a pretty Burne-Jones sort of woman with brilliant, red hair which colours her temperament, and, perhaps inspires her novels. (Don't sue me for libel, Crimsonia, I'm on the edge of that autumn wood myself). She is a being of moods,—of course, the only woman so gifted—and must have about her persons of her own colouring. Her maid is likewise ruddy-locked; so, no doubt, is her butler when she is at home in her country house,—fancy Jeames with crimson tresses—and her cook—that's easy, since Bedelia usually hails from the land of red hairs, and of course Bedelia's policeman matches the "suite;" likewise the gardener.

When Mrs. Glyn is in a creative mood she sallies to the pavilion in her Essex garden and shuts herself from all intruders. The pavilion was built out of "Ambrosine's" "Reflections", and appropriately furnished in three weeks. "Autumn" reigns in the hall, "Summer" in the boudoir, and "Spring" in bed and bathroom. I don't know where she has Winter secreted. I think she keeps him out in the cold. Of Mr. Glyn we hear little save that he owns two houses which his wife lets, and that he is Mrs. Glyn's husband.

The authoress is a Canadian. Her sister is the great "Lucille" who creates gowns and maintains that they should be made to express moods.

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DANCING MARRIED MEN

OCCASIONALLY the Pedlar finds a letter in his Pack. "Pray jog the men, good Pedlar," writes some fair maid of Ontario, "on the matter of dancing. They go to a ball and crowd about the door mere lookers-on, while we—who cannot ask them—wait for an invitation a la valse—"and much more, for the fair maid wails through twelve pages. What can a poor Packman say whose lone work it is to plod solemnly along the King's highway gathering fragments here and stopping for a gossip when he finds one to chatter with?

A pestilent spirit of unworthy laziness must surely have caught the men by the heels that they can stand about while a bevy of lovely and danceable girls are dangling their half-filled programmes and pretending to be vastly amused at something Madame Chaperon is whispering. More and more we think that "The backbone of the ball-room is the dancing married man." There is no type more admirable for all round utility, and for adding to the gaiety of a gathering than the married man who has kept up his dancing, refuses to be an old fogy, and is seen at every ball dancing with the prettiest girls there. Like the greenest of bay trees he flourishes, a valuable object-lesson in perennial boyishness. Fifty, if he is a day, he foots it as untiringly as a boy of one and twenty. Dapper and debonair, he dances the programme through and never misses the extras. But he is by no means to be met every day. Apparently our Ontario maiden has never met him. Since, when a pretty girl fails, no cajoling of a mere pen can move one of those old-young fellows from the doorway, one can but hope for our artless correspondent either the speedy arrival of the vote for woman, or, better, the presence of the dancing married man who is blessed with feet as light as his heart and a wife who is as free from jealousy as the wife of Caesar was above suspicion.

SOMETIMES MARY HAS HAD TO TURN IN THE LOAD OF COAL

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MARY AND THE MISSUS

A SERVANT of the English middle classes has been airing her views on her "Missusses," and life as a domestic of the present day. There does not seem to be much improvement since the days when "the Marchioness" worked for Miss Sally Brass and was fed from the fork's point on scraps by that fair spinster herself, who immediately locked up what was left of the scrag of mutton and the cold potatoes. This London slavey comments with acidity on the doings of Missus and her friends. Mary objects to being

routed out of bed in the morning by the clamour of a sort of fire-bell which hangs over her head and which is rung "in a vicious manner" by Missus from the warm recesses of her own sleeping place. She complains, and quite correctly, of what she terms the "despicable actions" of the present day mistress in turning over a girl's belongings and telling her it is out of place for a maid to wear jewelry or clothes of a modish cut. "We have to provide our own caps and aprons," says Mary, "and if the Missus doesn't like them, we have to get others." This often when the girl needs underwear or boots.

"I have served," she goes on, "as scullery-maid, cook, house-maid and parlor maid; washerwoman and boot-black all rolled into one for about four shillings (one dollar!) a week." Sometimes Mary has had to turn in the load of coal when it came; sometimes she had half a dozen rugs and carpets to beat every day. One lady asked Mary if she had a sweetheart, and told her if he came to see her, the dogs would be turned on him—whereupon the worm turned and Mary left. To sum up, Mary and her fellows are treated to a dog's life. They must be smart and good-looking but woe betide them if the master's son is seen speaking to one. If the master—! Help! Murder! Police!

And, why, Mary, don't you come over to Canada? And why, Mary, after you've been here for some time, and are being well paid and decently treated do you forget all about that life in London and so often turn out worthless and impudent and overbearing? Of course you are sometimes a jewel of great price and you know it and get your price, but you write to the papers just the same about the Canadian "Missusses" and she writes back about you. And what on earth would the newspapers do if they had not you and massage and the suffrage to fall back on in the dry news seasons?

Anyway, Mary, you are welcome. We won't set the dog on your sweetheart, nor dismiss you if you speak to the master's son—but we draw the line at the master.

THE GRANDMOTHER

I HAVE in mind an old lady who is a grandmother, not of the porcelain sort; a sturdy woman to the day of her death at the noble age of one hundred and seven years. It is astonishing with what fidelity things and people are impressed upon a childish mind and how they remain there through the years as fresh as the day they were recorded. I never saw the old lady without a cap; what mysteries of hair, whether a knob or a wisp, were hidden under it I never knew. By day it was a cap of heavy black silk with big ear rosettes, like young cabbages, made of narrow velvet ribbon; by night it was a close white cap with gofered borders and a black ribbon. Her bonnet was a round basket into which her head, cap and all, fell with an effort, and which she had to be pried out of by such idle and nimble fingers—mine usually—as could be found for the job. Her cheeks were rosy, round, her gray eyes clear. She had never heard of face powder, and if she had, would have counted it a sin to use it. Her figure, under her full black satin mantle, was large and loosely stayed—stays were not corsets in her days—and its appearance never troubled her. She had never seen a problem play or imagined the dance of a Salome—which she would have termed "polluting the Scriptures," and would have wailed devoutly for the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah to overtake the world. Yet she divided her time between the Prayer Book and Clarissa Harlowe, which she declared to be a vastly clever novel with a moral. Her playtime was employed in throwing the coppers she had won at cards the night before out of the window to the beggars who congregated under it at a certain hour. She was extremely human, as you can see, and was once known to renege the Jack of Clubs and win, in deadly silence, a trick with him in the next round. She lived long enough to see her bedroom candle displaced by gas, then by electricity, and to throw up her hands when the first "horseless carriage" raced through the little backward town. She played "Twenty-five," and won the pool of fourteen pence the night before she

died, and she passed away, with a little sigh, as one tired, sitting up in her chair by the window, with the beggars below battling over the fourteen pence and blessing her "cead mille falthe" in Irish—and yet, even in those days, people were lamenting that there were no old ladies left in the world any longer!

SOLDIERS

BY KATHERINE HALE

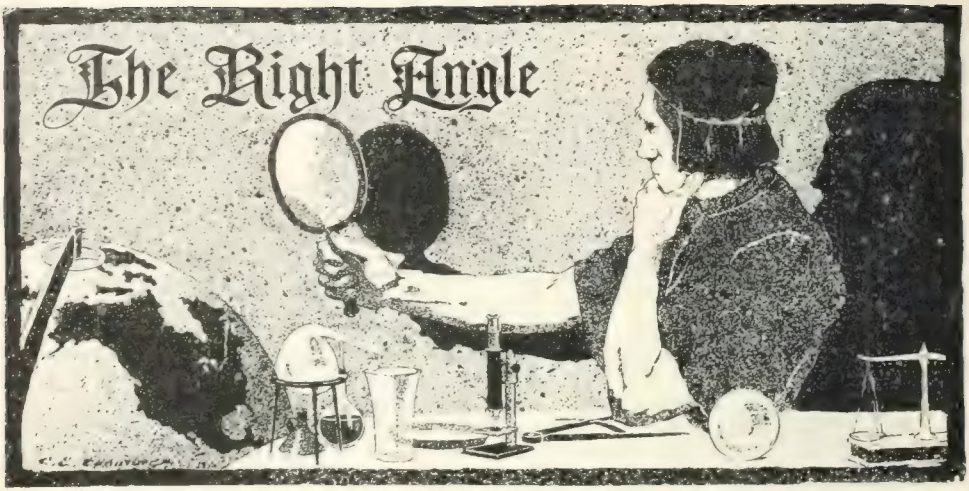
HIST! There's a stir in the air;
A murmur of marching feet,
And a gay fanfare——
Trumpets, here in the street!
The soldiers are passing by!

Steady the tramp of feet,
Steadier, hand and eye,
Glancing a girl to greet,
Set to the wall, to die.
The soldiers are passing by!

Flash of an officer's sword,
Clink of a thousand canteens,
Bark of an ordering word——
Who knows all that it means?
The soldiers are passing by!

Stragglers last in the road,
Youngsters and dogs trooping after,
Galloping last wagon-load,
Ripple of comment and laughter.
The soldiers are passing by!

Hats off, fellows, I say——
Hats off! Khaki and dust;
Sunburned and laughing today,
Maybe tomorrow—rust!
The soldiers are passing by!



THAT LOST HALF BILLION

WHAT Rex Croasdell has to say in his article about Money-mad Farming this month ought not to need saying. It ought to be self-evident, axiomatic, and automatic in its working.

When a government does as much to help the settler and farmer as ours is doing in the way of experimental farms, agricultural colleges, and agricultural specials, pure seed, free trees, government dairies, grading up of livestock, and the thousand and one helps that any farmer may take advantage of if he will, there is not a soil-tiller in Western Canada that should not be in active touch with at least one of these free-for-all agricultural schools and working in harmony with it. It's the sensible, logical, common-sense thing.

Any farmer may go to college, if he will. The grizzled and weatherwise superintendent of his nearest experimental farm will take him to class in his shirt-sleeves, with a hoe in his hand instead of a pointer, and will give him a lesson that will put dollars in his pocket. He will teach the meaning of rotation of crops, which too many farmers believe to be merely a haphazard alternation of anything. He will show him how and why certain of his cattle are eating their heads off and tell him how to keep a check on the profit and loss of each animal. He will show him how to build his barns in sanitary fashion, and solve any farming problem the newcomer or novice may find confronting him.

Yet how many do? According to Mr. Croasdell, not half enough. That lost half-billion of his is no joke. It is a hard, cold, uncompromising fact. It is as much actual money out of the pocket of you and me as if we had lost it in the Red River. It would have bought shoes for the baby and paid our grocery bill, if a lot of John Joneses hadn't been foolish farmers and lost our money for us.

The question is, what are we going to do about it? Mr. Croasdell says, "Educate!" Preach, teach, write letters, talk to your neighbors and your country cousins. It is good advice. We all lost part of that half billion last year, and it is up to us, whether we are city-bred or country-born to get some of it back for ourselves and for Canada.

WHERE CANADA WINS

IT is history now that at the New York Land Show Western Canada won first, second and third prizes in the contest for the world's best wheat—at an American land show, in an American city, in which American farmers competed and of which American experts were the judges. Mr. Seager Wheeler of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, won first place and the Shaughnessy $1,000 gold prize; Mr. W. J. Glass, of Macleod, Alberta, won second place; and Mr. Thomas Maynard of Deloraine, Manitoba, captured third place. The Canadian wheat walked away from all its competitors beyond a shadow of a

doubt, and that in such a competition wheat from the three provinces secured such honors is no mere coincidence, but an irrefutable argument that Western Canada can grow the best wheat in the world.

It was last August that Seager Wheeler first came to our attention. The party of American agricultural editors and experts had come up to Canada under the auspices of CANADA MONTHLY to see the 1911 harvest in the gold. Somebody remarked, "Why don't you go out to Seager Wheeler's place? He farms with his brains."

We went, for it sounded worth following up.

Seager Wheeler is a thin, wiry little man with shrewd bright eyes and a ring of conviction in his voice. There is no bluster or brag about him. He is a plain business farmer. When we visited his farm the prize-taking wheat was just approaching threshingtime. It was not "prize wheat" then; it was merely "standard wheat", for the Shaughnessy prize competition had not been inaugurated at that time; and Seager Wheeler, instead of being the acclaimed and banqueted winner of a history-making honor for Canada, was only a humble but persistent farmer tilling a sand and clay loam soil to the best of his ability.

But the men who visited his prosperous place that August afternoon were impressed with the fact that Mr. Wheeler regarded his farm as a life-work. He applies the principles of conservation to his land, and it will be as good twenty years from now as it is to-day. He is not mining it, but cultivating it according to the latest proven methods. He is a "brain-farmer", and the wheat that brought that thousand dollars in gold back to Rosthern was the ordinary and yet extraordinary product of Saskatchewan soil properly treated and sown with the best seed available.

The agricultural editors turned the hard, firm, well-colored grains over in their palms, studied the character of the sand and clay loam that had grown them, and asked a multitude of questions that Mr. Wheeler answered tersely and promptly. Seventy-five bushel wheat yielding berries that weighed sixty-five and a half pounds to the bushel was, to quote Dick Swiveller, "a staggerer", and the men of the party familiar with general crop conditions, making the knowledge of contemporary agriculture their business, united in calling Seager Wheeler's wheat the best they had ever seen.

REX CROASDELL GATHERING MATERIAL FOR HIS MONEY-MAD FARMING ARTICLES

Now the quiet obscure Rosthern farmer who grew "standard wheat" is a world's prize winner. But it hasn't changed Seager Wheeler the breadth of a grain of his own wheat. Though he has been feted and interviewed and banqueted and acclaimed and greeted all over Canada, he is still the plain business farmer of Rosthern. There are no frills on him.

AT PARTING

THEY stood at the door. She bade him farewell, and told him not to forget.

"All right," he said. "But give me a lock of your hair, then."

Lifting her hand to her shining tresses she detached a small curl and gave it to him, saying:

"Now, don't lose that one. I want to wear it when I go to the reception tomorrow. Tell that hair dealer to match it exactly."

DARING "JIMMY"

IT is well known that Whistler found a congenial subject in the late Lady Meux. He painted her twice and a half. The first and second pictures are now acknowledged masterpieces: but the third is lost, although Pennell says it is probably in a certain New York collection. Anyway, Lady Meux in her will has left that unfinished portrait to the National Gallery—"if it can be found." Many of our paragraphists are now recalling the circumstances in which it was left unfinished. One day Whistler, for some reason, got irritable while painting it, then ill tempered, and at last impertinent. "Look here, Jimmy Whistler," said my lady, turning her beautiful head, "you keep a civil tongue in your head or I'll have some one else to finish those portraits you have made of me." For once Whistler could find no retort. All he could do was come up raging and spluttering, and gasp: "How dare you! How dare you!" But she had dared. And she sat no more. And now the portrait is missing. Did Whistler paint it out? Or destroy it?

WHAT A CHANGE

DON'T play anything but ragtime when the after-theater crowd comes in to-night," says the manager of the restaurant to the director of his orchestra.

"Nothing but ragtime!"

"Yes. Everybody will have just come from grand opera."

THE FISH OF ONTARIO

JUDGE STEVENS was angling in the Manitowish waters, and just after dinner became involved in an argument with his boat companion. The debate lasted some minutes, and during that time the judge had his baited hook dangling in the air over his shoulder.

Everybody that passed those parts gave the judge a wide berth, as he gesticulated on the bank.

The guide took a hand.

"Judge," said he peremptorily, "drop your line in the water. There are no flying fish around here."